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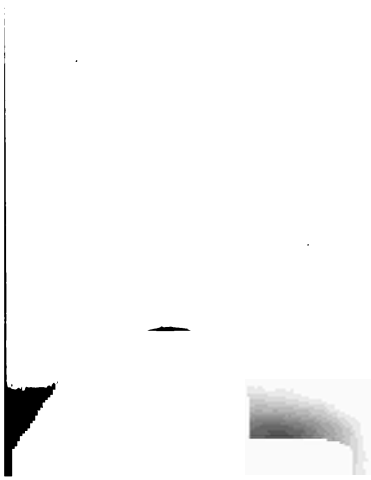

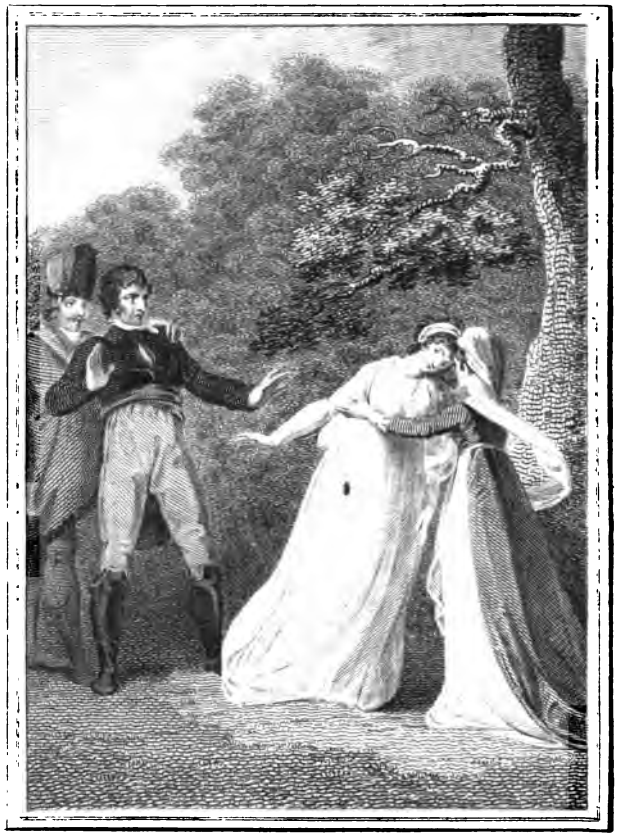

London, Published by Earle & Hone, N.o 47, Albemarle Street. Aug.t 1799.

9477

MISANTHROPY

AND

REPENTANCE:

A NOVEL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

London:

PRINTED FOR EARLE AND HEMET,

NO. 47 ALBERMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY.

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1799

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PREFACE.

THE Play of MISANTHROPY AND REPENTANCE was first translated and publiſhed in May 1798, and the same Play, altered, and new-titled THE STRANGER, was first brought out at Drury-Lane Theatre early in the season of the same year. Who is it that did not think Kotzebüe the inventor of the plot? Who is it that does not think so at this present time? Yet, the following is the Novel from which the German Shakespeare took his impressive drama. But how it should happen that the *original* did not make its appearance until fifteen months after the *copy theatric* had given so much delight to the German, English and French audiences, seems rather surprising. Be that as it may, this

is another instance, added to the One Thousand and One, in which both Shakespeares have been found alike. Plays and Stories have been published, from which the British Bard borrowed his plots—Plays and Stories will, no doubt, be found, from which the German one has borrowed his. One thing, however, we are bound in justice to say, viz: That both have so far embellished them, as in a manner, to make them their own. Yet, I will be candid enough to confess, that this was but the *second* observation I made upon perusing this novel—the *first* was: That Originality is a more scarce commodity than is generally thought of.

JOHN HEMET.

47 Albermarle Street,
August 1799.

MISANTHROPY

AND

REPENTANCE.

CHARLES FREDERIC WALSTEIN BARON DE MEINAU had lost his parents, while yet an infant. He was an only son, and the management of his fortune, which was then very considerable, had been entrusted to his maternal uncle, who wished to superintend himself the education of the young orphan. The old Count de Vurtzbourg was a respectable veteran soldier, full of honor and frankness, but a great

friend to pleasure, and whose character was not exempt from a certain tinge of originality, which had more than once proved an obstacle to his advancement. Covered with scars, and still enjoying, although at the age of sixty, a strong healthy constitution, he had retired from the army, much better known to the enemies of the state than to the prince, for whom he had for forty years lavished his fortune and his blood.

Young Meinau announced the most happy disposition, and his tutor neglected no means to improve it to the best advantage. He succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes, and at fifteen, his pupil possessed an uncommon maturity of judgment, joined to a most extensive knowledge.

The Count wished young Meinau to enter into the army, and as Germany

was then at peace, he thought of engaging him in the service of France, which, during a stormy Minority, had to combat against factions at home and enemies abroad. He easily obtained a lieutenancy for him, and notwithstanding his great age, would himself be a witness to his first exploits.

The campaign was begun and Meinau's regiment was stationed at the most advanced posts. The Count resisted the most pressing solicitations and absolutely insisted on following his nephew, to whom he became every day more fondly attached. The armies were in sight of each other, and the vanguards had frequent skirmishes.

It was in one of these actions, unfortunately too often repeated, in which much blood is spilt, and no advantage got on either side, that the Count, carried away

by his imprudent courage, fell in the midst of a squadron of the enemy, against which he had advanced almost alone.

Frantic with rage, Meinau is impatient to avenge the death of his ill-fated uncle. He instantly collects a small troop of brave soldiers, whose attachment he had gained by his valor, as well as by his frank and open manners; puts himself at their head, and without reflecting on the fatal consequences which may attend this perilous enterprise, rushes with intrepidity, overturns every thing before him, passes all the outposts and penetrates as far as the enemy's camp, which is immediately thrown into confusion.

It was now time to think of retreating; for, on all sides, the enemy flew to arms, in order to repulse this unexpected attack and Meinau was going to be overpowered by the number. He effected it

with as much courage as good fortune, and returned to the ranks without the loss of a single man, after having recovered the mutilated corpse of the unfortunate Count, who was buried with full military honors and sincerely lamented by all who had witnessed his courage.

The fame of this astonishing and perilous exploit was instantly spread throughout the French army. The General justly surprised that any body had even dared to attempt it without his orders, though charmed, at the same time, with its happy issue, wished to see the young officer who had atchieved it. He conversed for some time with him, and this conversation was sufficient to give to the General an advantageous idea of the character of Meinau, of his bravery and talents, which would rapidly be matured by experience.

However, as for the sake of discipline, an example of severity was required, that should deter any rash young officer from attempting to distinguish himself by some of those hazardous operations, which might endanger the success of the campaign, Meinau was sent to a fortress, where, for a whole month, he was kept in close confinement. But, on his being released, he was presented with a captain's commission, which the General had solicited, unknown to him, and which he accompanied with the most flattering marks of kindness and esteem.

This beginning, as happy as it was brilliant, promised to Meinau the most rapid advancement. Passionately fond of his profession, his whole study was to improve the talents which he already possessed and to acquire those which he still wanted. His aim was to raise himself successively to the highest military ho-

nors, but he was firmly resolved never to use any other means of obtaining them than his knowledge and services. Alas! it is but too well known that this march is neither the safest nor the quickest.

The General of the French army was superseded. Adored by the soldiers, beloved by the officers, active, enterprising, skilful in improving all the advantages of every military position, even of the least favorable, for near three months, he had rendered useless the efforts of an army much more numerous than his own. Before he would begin the attack, he was waiting for some reinforcements, which he was continually told he might expect, but which never came. They arrived, at last, and with them, another General, who was coming to take the command of the army, and profit by the excellent dispositions made by his predecessor, to insure victory to himself.

Meinau was losing, not a protector, his proud and independent soul could not have borne that any body had assumed the manners or language of one; but this change of General deprived him of the hope of one day seeing his talents and services appreciated with that kind attention, which seeks and brings forth merit, too modest, or disdained by intrigue.

Cruel, haughty, ignorant and presumptuous, the new General was hated and despised by the whole army. Meinau, who, by the nature of his disposition and the education which he had received from his uncle, was very little inclined to disguise his sentiments, let fall some rather disrespectful expressions, which were reported to the General, who swore within himself to take a prompt and terrible vengeance.

Two days after, the young Captain received an order to go with his company and attack one of the enemy's posts, which was defended by redoubts flanked with cannon, and situated on the back of a mountain, which it seemed impossible to climb. Meinau ventured to remonstrate against the improbability of success, in an enterprise attempted with such a small number of men. The General drily answered that he should be supported; then added, with an ironical smile, that he believed him too brave to be intimidated by the prospect of the most imminent danger.

Stung to the soul by the suspicions which seemed to be thrown against his courage, Meinau resolved rather to perish a thousand times, than not carry the fort. But, as he thought he could see the premeditated intention of exposing him with his company, to a certain

death, he took the liberty of making some alterations in the long circumstantial instructions he had received.

Instead, therefore, of presenting himself at day-break below the fort, and of attempting, as he was ordered, the attack of the redoubts, where he must inevitably have been cut to pieces by the cannon of the enemy, before he had been able to reach the intrenchments, he took a long circuit, marched the whole night with the utmost precipitation and, at last, arrived with his little troop, overcome with fatigue, but full of confidence in their chief, on the top of the mountain which overlooked the redoubts.

Notwithstanding all the haste he had made, the sun begun to gild the horizon, and Meinau, after having allowed his troops to take some little repose, was preparing to begin an attack, of which

his advantageous position, in some measure, insured the success, when he perceived, at about a league's distance, a French column, seemingly advancing against the fort. He imagined it was the reinforcement which had been promised to him, and which would have come a great deal too late, had he literally followed his instructions. The column was slowly advancing, covered by a wood, which prevented its being seen by the enemy, and the officer who was at the head of it, seemed to stop at intervals, listening and observing every where about him.

Meinau now determined to turn against the General the perfidious precautions he had taken to cover his odious designs. He made every one of his men lie flat upon the ground, and waited patiently for the effect which the apparition of the French army could not fail of producing

upon the enemy. Scarcely had it turned the angle of the wood, along which its march had been directed, when the sentinels give the alarm, the cannoneers fly to their posts and the garrison lines the parapets. The back part of the fort, which is thought secure from every insult, remains totally unguarded, and Meinau, who has foreseen this very natural fault, loses no time in taking advantage of it. He silently creeps with his troop, along the deep gutters made by the torrents on the flank of the mountain: arrived at the foot of the walls, which were very low on that side, he leaps over them without difficulty, and divides his soldiers into small platoons, to whom he recommends to make a great shout, at the moment of attack, he rushes at once upon five or six principal points, where the enemy, struck with the greatest terror, lay down their arms and implore the mercy of the vic-

torious Meinau, whose troops are six times less numerous than theirs.

This success, as brilliant as unexpected, ought to have disarmed the hatred of the General; but on the contrary, it seemed as if the glory which Meinau had acquired did but the more inflame his malicious anger. Carried away by the desire of a mean and odious revenge, he hardly allowed himself time to hear the circumstantial detail of an operation, which procured him the means of giving to his army the most important position; it was enough for him that Meinau had not strictly followed the orders which he had received, and thought himself justified in bringing him before a court martial, upon a charge of disobedience. It was with infinite pains that the wisest officers succeeded in stifling an affair, which now completely ruined the General in the opinion of the whole army.

But Meinau, instead of the recompence and praise which he naturally expected, was sent, along with the troops which he commanded, into a distant garrison, where, for the remainder of the campaign, not a single opportunity offered to signalize his courage.

This disagreeable adventure had all at once destroyed the pleasing chimeras with which our young hero had hitherto fed his imagination. He began to perceive that the caprice, folly and ridiculous obstinacy of a superior, in whom intrigue and mean adulation supply the place of abilities, could totally deprive him of the reward due to the most important services; true merit appeared to him what men invested with great power cared the least about; and, as in his impetuous disposition, although grave and serious, he was apt to carry things to extreme, he soon worked himself into a

firm opinion that he must henceforth give up every prospect of advancement.

Winter came on: Meinau, who knew how much he wanted to put some order into his affairs, prodigiously entangled by his deceased guardian, asked and obtained leave of absence, and immediately set off for his native country. He found the evil much greater than he had imagined. Count Vurtzbourg, naturally vain and prodigal, had not contented himself with spending the returns of his pupil's income, as they regularly came in, but even a part of the principal had been mortgaged for very considerable sums, and his irresistible love of pleasure and dissipation, had left him nothing but the intention, unfortunately insufficient, of one day thinking seriously of their liquidation. His own fortune had also received some terrible checks, and his sudden death had not even given him time

to insure its sad remains to his nephew. Obliged to share this small succession with a number of collateral relations, Meinau was far from finding in it wherewith to compensate the losses which he had otherwise sustained.

Assisted by the advice of a lawyer, who enjoyed a great reputation for his abilities and probity, Meinau spent great part of the winter in disincumbering his fortune from the quantity of debts with which it was overloaded. In this he succeeded, but by making great sacrifices, which diminished it considerably. To increase his misfortune, the lawyer, in whom he had placed his confidence, betrayed him most shamefully. He understood himself with the creditors, and Meinau, who was totally unacquainted with the subterfuges of chicanery, became an easy prey to their odious manœuvres. He was informed of it, when

too late to apply a remedy, and the duplicity, the vile knavery of the hypocritical lawyer affected him very sensibly.

Being now freed of those fastidious cares, and possessed of a nèt unincumbered income of eighteen or twenty thousand florins, Meinau began to consider what course of life it became him best to take. The profession of arms had no longer for him that powerful attraction which had impelled him to undertake it. Yet, he still felt some reluctance to give up the charming prospects which had at first presented themselves before him. Besides, it would have appeared somewhat extraordinary to have seen a youth of seventeen devote himself to perfect inutility. On another hand, Count Vurtzbourg, a declared enemy to marriage, had inspired his pupil with an utter aversion from that bond, one of the bases of our social state. Reason, sophisms, sar-

casms, nothing had been omitted to make him adopt his sentiments upon that subject, and Meinau seemed firmly resolved to follow the example of his uncle, who had lived, and was still a bachelor at his death. This determination, which he thought invariable, still encreased his embarrassment, as it is easy to conceive that a good marriage would have given him at once that sort of existence which would immediately have silenced the critics.

After mature deliberation, he, at length, determined to join his corps; but, at the same time, he confirmed himself more than ever in the resolution which he had formed before, not to take, in any circumstance whatever, a single step towards his advancement.

This noble and courageous resolution produced the effect which he seemed to expect. Meinau continued to fulfil his

duty as a brave and loyal soldier. He always fought with the greatest intrepidity, was often entrusted with important as well as difficult missions, executed them with a success which announced uncommon abilities, but never asked for any thing, and continued a captain. It may be supposed that the satisfaction of doing right was alone sufficient to reward his magnanimous soul; and honors were reserved for those who seemed to be in want of that stimulus.

Several years elapsed. Peace put an end to the too long effusion of human blood. Meinau laid hold of this opportunity to quit a service in which he had hitherto found nothing but empty glory and multiplied disgusts. He was then in his twenty-sixth year; his fame, totally unknown at the Court of France, had reached his native country; he was offered a place of Lieutenant-Colonel, and he ac-

cepted it, because it brought him nearer the place where he had received his birth.

Three years after, the place of Colonel of the regiment in which Meinau served became vacant. He thought he had a right to it; but, disdaining to make any solicitation, he, at least, expected that none should be promoted to it but an officer more ancient than he. A youth, hardly come out of college, obtained the vacancy. Meinau could not bear so gross an injustice, and threw up his commission.

It was not without the most lively sensations of regret that Meinau abandoned a career, which had so long intoxicated his ardent soul, thirsting after glory, and inflamed with noble ambition. The exact sciences, to which he, at first, devoted himself, charmed for some time his too numerous moments of leisure. But

the abstract calculations, the dry combinations of numbers, lines and bodies soon ceased to afford him the same pleasure. This was the time when Europe began to be inundated with those philosophical writings, which have occasioned such prodigious changes. The science of public administration, the art so difficult and so important of governing men, seemed the only objects that ought to occupy a thinking mind, possessed of sufficient fortitude to shake off the yoke of antique prejudices. That of Meinau, more than any other, was susceptible of great and generous conceptions, and he derived from his heart, always replete with the noblest sentiments, that hope of success which has seduced so many men, in whom excellent intentions and superior abilities did not compensate for the want of dearly-bought experience.

Meinau, the good, the sublime Meinau, thinks himself called to the august, the

perilous mission of reformer of abuses. He cannot quickly enough employ himself in forming a collection of all the publicists, both ancient and modern. He reads, composes, makes extracts, and soon fancies that he has acquired a mass of principles which, with some few modifications, are applicable to all nations, and to all governments. He would undoubtedly have considered himself as highly culpable, had he not immediately tried the experiment upon that of which he himself was a subject. Already does his head feel exalted at the idea of the astonishing ameliorations, which are to be the result of his luminous pamphlet. Nevertheless, he judges it proper, as well as prudent, not to make a direct attack upon authority. He confines himself merely to point out some reforms, as advantageous to the prince himself, as to the people to whom the abuses are particularly burthensome.

His work is ushered into the world; unlike the generality of those which treat of those subjects, it was written in a decent style, and contained some wise plans, the easy execution of which did but slightly clash against the interest of a few individuals. These wise precautions promised him, at least, some indulgence, and he thought he had nothing to dread even from rigorous justice. The pamphlet circulates rapidly; it is read with avidity; in a few days, the edition is exhausted; the bookseller congratulates himself, and the author sees with complaisance the spreading of his fame. Already does he meditate a work much more important than the first, when, one night, his sleep is disturbed by some agents of the police, who accompanied by a numerous escort, come to take up poor Meinau in the midst of his vast projects. Conducted to a remote fortress, deprived of every means of communication with the

persons most dear to him, he had leisure, during six months that his confinement lasted, to make long and sad reflections upon the danger of pretending to give advice to the rulers of the earth. He also acknowledged, after some mature consideration, that, before he had yielded to the laudable impulse of an immoderate zeal, he ought to have made some allowance for localities, the moral habits of the people, and a thousand circumstances, of which it is but too common, even for the most honest men, to make a dangerous abstraction.

All these reflections operated upon his mind, naturally upright and just, in proportion as he felt his indignation diminish at the arbitrary act of which he was the victim. They led him to think that folly, ignorance, caprice, cupidity, all the vile and abject passions having almost continually been the rulers of poor humanity,

a wise man ought to content himself with doing all the good in his power around him, and not to endeavour, without the greatest circumspection, at those grand and salutary reforms, which, by reason of the obstacles which are raised against them, generally draw after them the most terrible evils.

Meinau had studied himself well, and knew that he was unable to keep an exact medium; he, therefore, determined entirely to give up an office which he could not perform but at the expence of his repose, and without the hope of attaining the useful end which he proposed. He had just taken this resolution, when he saw the governor of the fortress in which he was confined, enter his dungeon. This man, who was an old soldier, had grown grey in the service, and was a rigid observer of the German discipline, was accustomed to consider as the highest piece of

fully the slightest alteration in the established order. He had a great esteem for the abilities and the character of Meinau, and in the periodical visits which he made to the prisoners committed to his care, he endeavoured sometimes to combat his opinions. This time, he appeared as much surprised as charmed, at the resolution of Meinau to give up politics; and, after receiving his word of honor that this resolution was invariably fixed, he promised to write to court and solicit his enlargement.

The Governor kept his promise: he experienced great pains in overcoming the difficulties which opposed the success of this negociation; the court dreaded the elevated and independent spirit of Meinau. At length, he succeeded and had the pleasure of announcing himself to his prisoner that the gates of the fortress were going to be open to him.

This event, together with the painful reflections it had occasioned, contributed to confirm Meinau in the design he had formed of spending his life in happiness and tranquillity, henceforth enveloped in the veil of the darkest obscurity. Cassel, a little town situated on the banks of the Rhine, and out of the dominions of the prince who had so ill rewarded his zeal, was the place he chose for his retreat. He purchased in the neighbourhood a pretty country house, where he proposed spending the greatest part of his time, and the first few months elapsed in almost total seclusion. He thought he had, at last, found the happiness best suited to his present situation; but the natural restlessness of his disposition did not permit him long to enjoy a kind of life, of which the most complete idleness composed in a manner the principal enjoyment.

In order to give a little diversion to the melancholy thoughts which, in spite of himself, began to obtrude upon his mind, Meinau mixed a little more with society. Whatever contempt he entertained for mankind in general, he did not think it indifferent to study every day how to know them better, and his desire of observing them was one of the motives which induced him to plunge once more into the vortex.

In the town which he then inhabited the mass of the people still preserved that ancient simplicity, which speaks in favor of the manners of a nation, more than a vain display of austere principles, which are carefully dispensed with in practice. But in that class which assumes the exclusive appellation of Good Company, might be remarked that affected frivolity, which from the capital of France has made its

way successively into almost every European nation.

The Countess de Forbach, whose house was the resort of all those that prided themselves in Cassel upon a certain *savoir vivre*, gave an eager reception to the Baron de Meinau, who had hitherto shown for her society a sort of indifference of which she had been offended.

The Countess' husband was a colonel of hussars, much more studious to keep his regiment upon an excellent military footing, than to pay attention to his lovely wife, or even to watch her conduct. Every year, he came, in the coldest days of winter, to spend a whole fortnight with her, and the rest of the time, he allowed her the fullest liberty, which indeed she made use of, without the smallest scruple.

At four-and-twenty, with a very pleasing figure, a great deal of wit, and principles which savoured not of any great severity, Lady Forbach had been the heroine of a few adventures, upon which her complaisant spouse had thought proper to shut his eyes. However, as she was as yet far from exhibiting an open contempt of all propriety, her reputation of being an amiable woman, and decent to a certain degree, was pretty generally established.

Her society was usually composed of a number of dull *petits-maîtres*, imitating pretty ridiculously the light manners, the amiable conceitedness, the amusing conversation of the elegant Parisian youth, which these aukward copyists proposed themselves as models. Almost every one had some pretensions to fill up the vacancy which the Count de Forbach had left in the heart of his amiable Countess. This,

like a skilful coquette, did not banish hope from any of her admirers, enslaved them unmercifully to all her most insignificant whims, and internally laughed at their ridiculous homage.

The appearance of Meinau spread terror amidst Lady Forbach's lovers. They were too conscious of their inferiority, not to dread his concurrence, and the marked attentions which the Countess paid him did but too well contribute to legitimate their fears.

To say the truth, this preference was by no means unreasonable. Meinau was in his thirtieth year; of a middling size, but perfectly well made; his features were regular, his eyes piercing, and his animated countenance bespoke a character of uncommon courage and well-regulated pride: these exterior advantages were supported by a penetrating mind, adorned

with extensive knowledge. Lady Forbach was too sensible a woman herself not to appreciate the brilliant qualities which distinguished the Baron. It was said, besides, and he himself affirmed, that his heart had hitherto been inaccessible to the shafts of Love. To lay at her feet a man, who proudly boasted of his insensibility, appeared to the Countess a triumph worthy of her charms.

She accordingly used all possible means in order to enslave our hero; but she soon perceived that the conquest was much more difficult than she had at first imagined. The Baron opposed to her repeated attacks a resistance so much the more invincible, as it arose from a system of conduct invariably fixed, and from which he had never deviated, even in the first effervescence of a youth, which had not been exempt from some faults.

Meinau had derived from the lessons of Count Vurtzboung an extreme aversion from marriage; but, different in this from his guardian, whose morality in this respect was not very strict, he had vowed never to defile a bond, of which he had voluntarily denied himself the enjoyment.

It was long before the Countess could even suspect the motive which thus rendered useless the most unequivocal advances; at length, she guessed it, from some expressions which had purposely escaped the Baron. It is easy to conceive what was the astonishment of a woman, whose mode of thinking was so diametrically opposite. How could any body suppose that an officer, who had spent the greatest part of his youth in France, should seriously entertain such gothic principles? But perhaps it might only be a momentary caprice, which it

would be easy to combat, and of which the Baron could not fail to rid himself immediately.

In consequence of these judicious reflections, the Countess set up anew the whole of her battery. It did not become *her* to discuss that subject herself; but she took care to bring the conversation upon it, whenever Meinau was present, and the assiduous complaisants with whom she was surrounded were glad to meet with such a glorious opportunity of retailing all the insipid jokes with which their memory was adorned. Meinau kept silent, but it was easy to read in his looks of disapprobation that he was far from coinciding in the general opinion. He dreaded not the ridicule which, in the eyes of such a company, must necessarily overwhelm the champion of sound morality; but he disdained endeavouring to convince minds which had not the least justness; he thought

it impossible to give any spring to those debased characters.

The failure of these new attacks could not but irritate the Countess; the more so, as she had not been able to defend herself from feeling a real passion for the insensible Meinau. In vain did she redouble her attentions, the Baron always confined himself within the bounds of a cold politeness.

A young English Baronet, without fortune, and whom an affair of honor had obliged to fly his country, had stopped a few days at Cassel. He was coming from Paris, on his way to Hamburgh, where he intended to set up in business. Sir William Patrick had been presented to the Countess de Forbach, and the charms which he had enjoyed in the society of that young Lady were the only motives

that induced him to prolong his stay at Cassel.

Sir William was possessed of an exterior which was far from being disagreeable. His gentle and captivating countenance bespoke a man of honor and frankness; but under the appearance of a modesty almost ridiculous by its excess, he concealed a most irritable self-pride, and woe to him who did even once wound him in that tender point; he became from that time his most inveterate enemy. His hatred was the more terrible, as he knew how to conceal it under the very cloak of friendship, when he thought it useful to his plans, and he was ready to make use of any means in order to satisfy it. Capable of calculating with the greatest sang froid a project of revenge, he was no less so of following its execution, with a constancy that proved superior to every obstacle.

Sir William had met with Meinau at Lady Forbach's, and, from his first visits, had conceived a sort of antipathy against him, which took its source in the well marked superiority of the Baron. However, as Meinau enjoyed a great consideration, not only in that Lady's society, but also in the whole town, the Baronet had dissembled this unfavourable disposition.

It was then that the Countess, irritated at the constant coldness with which Meinau repaid her tenderness, resolved to adopt another plan, in order to accomplish her end. To the most delicate and flattering attentions, which she had hitherto shown him, succeeded mortifying irony and sometimes even bitter sarcasm. The Baron, who had reason to be much surprised at an alteration as sudden as it was singular, seemed hardly to have remarked it, and the Countess, enraged at an indif-

ference, which she considered as more insulting than anger, resolved from this time to omit nothing to satisfy her vengeance.

She now affected to be pleased with the attentions of Sir William, whose irascible disposition she had had opportunities to discover; and the young Baronet, proud of a preference which he fancied solely the effect of his own merit, thought he could not show his gratitude better than by an absolute devotion to her will.

In one of those assemblies, as numerous as splendid, which were held twice a week at the Countess de Forbach's, that young Lady, whose lively and ingenious witticisms were never stopped by any consideration, having let fall some expressions which were rather more than improper, Meinau, far from joining in the plaudits of the company, ventured some observations, which, although made with the greatest

possible respect, seemed, nevertheless, to be very displeasing to the Countess. She replied with some acrimony, and Meinau, contrary to his usual custom, was not complaisant enough to yield to his lovely, but petulant, antagonist. The conversation became warm by degrees, and, in spite of the prudent politeness of the Baron, took an unfavourable turn against Lady Forbach, when Sir William, who saw that the object of his secret adorations began to lose ground, thought himself capable of taking her place with advantage, and defend the delicate proposition which she had advanced.

Meinau had refrained from attacking the Countess with all the ſtrength of argument which was natural to him, but he did not think he owed the same regard to his new adversary. Sir William, who possessed a ſupple and acute mind, could manage a ſophism with the greatest skill,

but the Baron, whose pressing and concise logic was supported by a strong and lively elocution, did not even want to make a full display of his abilities, in order to complete his triumph. The *modest* Sir William had, in this instance, overstepped the bounds of that prudent and moderate disposition, which had hitherto seemed to be his characteristic. Overpowered by the unanswerable arguments of his antagonist, he had not been sufficiently master of himself, to conceal his resentment, and the ridiculous gusts of the most ill-timed passion were strongly contrasted with the noble and benevolent firmness, from which Meinau had not even a moment departed.

Covered with shame and confusion, the Baronet, at last, remained silent; but it was easy to see in his features, altered by anger and spite, the traces of the most violent agitation.

The next morning, Meinau was still in bed, when he was informed that Sir William wanted to speak to him. He easily guessed the motive of this unusual visit; but did not think that he ought to deny himself to a man, against whom, notwithstanding what had passed the night before, he had no kind of resentment.

He listened very calmly to what the Baronet had to say, and when the latter had finished his short but energetic harangue,

"Shall I, Sir William," answered Meinau, "tell you candidly what I think? The step which you now take, and what you seem to require of me, is a great aggravation of the fault you committed yesterday, by flying into a very improper passion. Supposing, what is still very problematical, that you have the advantage of me in a single combat, do you think *that*

will teach you to reason better in future? And should you yourself fall, do you think that I shall derive any great satisfaction from my having killed a man, to whom I have hitherto no other fault to impute, than that of using a great deal of wit to defend a bad cause?"

Sir William found himself at a loss to make any reasonable reply; but his heart was deeply wounded, and he still obstinately persisted in his demand to meet his antagonist in the field. He even seemed to think that the resistance which he experienced might proceed from a want of courage.

"Sir William," said Meinau, who understood his meaning, "although I despise that odious prejudice, which seems to put all qualities and virtues in the scale against a blind and ferocious bravery, yet I have myself been sometimes forced to

yield to it, and I presume to say that I have then given convincing proofs that I was not afraid of danger; but, since I have left off the profession of arms, I have taken a resolution never to resume them, but when I should be forced to it by the care of a legitimate defence."

Sir William took his leave, very much vexed at his having obtained no other answer: he did not fail, however, to publish throughout Cassel, the result of this interview with Meinau; but every body knew that the latter had made several campaigns with uncommon distinction, and the Baronet could get nothing by his sarcasms, except the shame of not being able to succeed.

A month had elasped, and Meinau had forgot that disagreeable adventure, when, walking one day at some distance from town, he suddenly perceived five men op-

posing his passage. Sir William was at their head.

"Sir," said he, in an altered tone, "you can no longer deny me the satisfaction which I have hitherto demanded in vain; and if, to do away your scruples, I must use violence, I declare to you that these gentlemen and I are resolved to force you to it."

Meinau answered not a word, but cast upon the five *gentlemen* a look of most ineffable contempt. However, he took one of the pistols presented to him by Sir William, went back ten paces, and made a sign for his enemy to fire.

The Baronet took his aim, pulled the trigger, the ball whistled and missed the Baron.

Meinau threw a piece of silver up in the

air, followed it a moment with his eye, fired, and the ducat fell, bearing the mark of the ball with which it had been struck at a little distance from the edge.

Sir William grew pale, less with fear than rage. He could not bear to be indebted for his life to him whom he wished to deprive of it. Two swords of equal length were presented to the Baron, and the combat was renewed with this new weapon.

Sir William, skilful and brave, made a furious attack on his enemy, who, without stepping back, parried all the blows and never aimed one. He soon abandoned himself to his rage without the least caution, and Meinau, who felt his superiority in an exercise which, for the space of ten years, had been one of his chief diversions, scorned to spill the blood of a madman whom passion had de-

prived of his senses. Twice he made the sword fall from the hand of Sir William, and twice did the impetuous Baronet take it up again, to continue his vain attacks.

The spectators, struck with astonishment, waited in silence the result of this extraordinary scene. They began to wish that it might end in a reconciliation, and this was also the manner in which Meinau was determined to bring it to a conclusion. He took advantage of an ill-timed movement made by his enemy, and presenting the point of his sword at two inches of his breast:

"Sir William," said he, "I believe I have proved to you that I am not deficient either in courage or skill; let us cease a contest so much the more unequal, as I have on my side the advantage of coolness. Accept my friendship, which I think you deserve, notwithstanding the

anger you have manifested, and let the scene which has just passed remain a secret between us: I give you my word that no one shall be informed of it by me."

The gentlemen applauded the noble and generous conduct of the Baron, and Sir William himself seemed, at last, to reconcile himself with candor and good grace to what prudence and reason suggested to him as the only plan he had to adopt. His countenance, on which a moment before was pictured the most immoderate desire of revenge, became at once open and cheerful, and assumed a semblance of benevolence and hilarity, of which the Baron was easily made the dupe. He affectionately pressed the hand of Meinau, candidly confessed his fault, and seemed to congratulate himself upon an error, which had procured him such a friend. But this fresh blow given

to his pride did but envenom the wound he had already received, and if he at present dissembled, it was because the revenge which he had at first intended was no longer proportioned to the offence.

However, as he had no plan as yet settled, he took advantage of the offer made to him by the too credulous Meinau. Each day saw their intimacy increase, and they soon became almost inseparable.

The Baronet seemed to labor under some difficulties, and Meinau hastened to relieve him, with all those delicate attentions which are a thousand times more flattering than the benefit itself. Sir William ardently wished to obtain an employment as honorable as it was lucrative, and from which his being a foreigner seemed to exclude him, and the Baron through his own credit obtained it for him. The ties of gratitude concurred with the apparent simi-

larity of tastes and dispositions, to cement an indissoluble attachment between the two new friends.

Meinau paid less frequent visits to Lady Forbach; Sir William, on the contrary, became more assiduous in his attendance. These two personages, who were rapidly led by ill-combated foibles to an utter contempt of every principle, were in need of a mutual assistance, in order to obtain the end which they had proposed, and they soon understood one another perfectly well.

Meinau had for some time felt an encrease of that reluctance which he always had for the bustle of society. He seldom mixed in it, and, when he did not enjoy the company of Sir William, with whom he became more intimate every day, he would retire to his country-house and spend part of his time in surveying a most magnifi-

cent landscape, which every moment presented to him fresh beauties.

It was in one of these rambles, which he would sometimes prolong to a great distance from the castle, that he found an opportunity of exercising his beneficence and courage. He had juſt got to the corner of a thick forest and was going to continue his walk, when accidentally turning his head, he perceived a group of five or six woodcutters, who, perfectly immoveable, seemed to direct all their looks towards the same point. Pity and terror were depicted on their countenances, and their absolute silence appeared as strange as their attitude. Meinau advanced and the noise he made drew the men from their pre-occupation. He was going to put a question, when one of them showed him with his hand the dreadful object of their uneasiness and fearful curiosity.

At about fifty yards from the place where they stood, a young girl lay extended on the ground. An enormous and furious wolf had rushed upon her, and was going to make her a prey to his rapaciousness. This animal, horribly famous by the ravages which he had for some days been committing, had struck such panic into the woodcutters who had run at the shrieks of the young girl, that not one had had sufficient courage to afford her an efficacious assistance.

Meinau no sooner saw this shocking spectacle, than snatching a large stick which one of them had in his hand, he flies alone to the rescue of the young girl. At his approach, the wolf quits his prey and advances towards Meinau. The Baron waits for him with intrepidity, and when he is come to a proper distance, he gives him a blow with his stick upon the middle of his head, with so much luck

and violence, that he lays him lifeless at his feet.

The spectators, full of astonishment, manifested their joy by the loudest acclamations; they hastened to Meinau, who was already near the melancholy victim whom he had rescued. He did not as yet know whether his assistance had been quick enough to save her from the dreadful fate which threatened her. The young girl was in a swoon; her garments horribly torn showed, however, that she belonged to a family of some respectability. They made use of every little means which the loneliness of the place afforded them, in order to restore her to life, but for some minutes they proved unsuccessful. A little fresh water from a neighbouring spring was thrown upon her face, covered with a dead paleness. At length, she opened her eyes, and throwing her stupified looks around her, seemed to recollect

neither the catastrophe of which she had nearly been the victim, nor any of the circumstances that had preceded it. She, however, gradually recovered her senses, and was soon able to point out the house inhabited by her parents. It was situated at a short distance; four of the men made a sort of litter with branches of trees, upon which they placed the young person, who was unable to make a single step. The other two would carry the animal who had been the object of public terror, and the whole began their march, accompanied by Meinau, who wished to restore himself the young person to her parents.

It is easy to conceive what were the feelings that agitated them, on being informed of the danger to which their beloved child had been exposed. Her deliverer was received with transport, and their joy became unbounded, when they knew

that she had received no kind of injury in her person.

Meinau wanted to retire the same evening, but they prevailed upon him to pass the night in the castle, and the next morning, before he set off, he had the satisfaction of seeing the lady perfectly recovered from her fright, and enjoying all the liberty of mind necessary to thank him with infinite pleasure for the service which she had received.

Eulalia Crimmer, daughter of an ancient magistrate, long respected for his inflexible equity, but whose fortune had always been very confined, had not yet attained her fifteenth year. To the graces of a most lovely countenance, she joined an amiable artlessness, a feeling heart and a delicate mind. Her father, who had no other child, had been careful to improve her natural disposition: having but a very

little portion to give to his daughter, he wished at least to render her worthy, by the qualities of her heart, the amability of her temper, and the education best appropriated to her sex, of making the happiness of an honest man, and he congratulated himself every day on the success of his cares.

Meinau, who the day before, had scarcely remarked the charms of Eulalia, in the deplorable state in which she had been reduced, was struck with her beauty, now that the repose of a tranquil night had restored all its brilliancy. For the first time, he felt a sort of sensation, which he had never experienced in the presence of any other woman, and the conversation equally agreeable and entertaining of the young lady, was but too well calculated to strengthen this first impression. The gratitude with which the heart of the sensible Eulalia overflowed, gave such af-

fecting grace to her discourse, that she could not have used a more efficacious language, had she intended to make a conquest of her deliverer.

The Baron, who wanted to set off immediately after breakfast, spent a great part of the day with Eulalia and her father. It was with difficulty that he refused to accept their pressing and often repeated invitation to prolong his stay at the house of Crimmer, and at length, he took his leave in the evening, with his mind and heart full of an event which was to have a powerful influence over his future state.

When returned to the castle, he vainly sought in the arms of sleep the repose he wanted, to calm an agitation so entirely new to him. The image of Eulalia was continually present to his mind and he felt with terror that a passion, of which

he had flattered himself that he should be able to brave the terrible power, was now imperiously mastering all his faculties.

With the principles which Meinau had adopted as the invariable basis of his conduct, the actual state of his heart could not fail of affording ample matter for serious reflections. He more than once formed the project of instantly quitting that part of the country which contained an object so fatal to his repose; but soon after, he would reject, as shameful and pusillanimous, a resolution dictated by the most common wisdom. He even thought that a character like his was degraded by a too exaggerated diffidence in its own strength, and passing immediately to the opposite extreme, he feared not to return the next day to the house of Mr. Crimmer.

This imprudent visit, which he considered as the impulse of well-fortified courage, completed his defeat in a most irrevocable manner. Eulalia, whom he found alone, appeared to him infinitely more amiable than the first time: he retired in the evening passionately in love, and in the strangest perplexity he had ever been in, during the whole course of his life.

Supposing that he could succeed in softening the heart of his divinity, of which he durst not flatter himself, notwithstanding the kind reception which he had experienced, what could be the result of this dangerous connexion? The name alone of marriage made Meinau shudder at the thought; on another hand, he repulsed with horror the idea of endeavouring to seduce a young person, doubly sacred in his eyes, since he had had the happiness to save her life. Absence, the usual re-

medy of weak passions, appeared to him an insufficient one against a love so violent as his. After a long time spent in irresolution, he at last fixed upon a plan, which seemed suggested by a profound knowledge of the human heart.

He had frequently heard, and his own reflections seemed to have convinced him, that the sentiment arising from civilisation, and known by the name of Love, had always its source in an error of the imagination. This it is which, by embellishing the beloved object with the most seducing colors, produces that exclusive preference, which, in a manner, makes the species vanish before the individual. Let this error be destroyed by exact and impartial observations, at that instant, the illusion ceases, and with it love also disappears.

This opinion, against which he had no solid argument to oppose, became the rule of the conduct which he thought he ought to pursue. Far from avoiding Eulalia, he will see her as frequently as decency and the distance of their respective habitations will permit: he intends scrutinizing attentively every thing that shall fall from her lips, and hopes that he shall discover, under the brilliant covering which has seduced him at first, defects and foibles which shall for ever destroy the passion which now masters all his senses.

Having taken this judicious resolution, he now thought he had nothing to do but to form a connexion with Eulalia's respectable father, sufficiently intimate to authorise his frequent visits, and in this he met with an easy success. From the first interview, Mr. Crimmer had been very much pleased with the Baron, and, not-

withstanding the disparity of years, since the ex-magistrate was in his sixty-eighth year, wished to attach himself to him by the ties of friendship.

By-and-by, not a day passed without Meinau's going to the house of the good Mr. Crimmer. He could not but be pleased with the frank cordiality with which he was always welcomed; but the delicate experiment which he had been trying was far from meeting with the success he had expected. Eulalia, educated at a distance from the world, by a wise and prudent father, had imbibed none of those wrong ideas which prove the ruin of so many women, who are otherwise commendable for a number of excellent qualities. Meinau discovered every day some new perfection in the object of his secret adorations, and the most scrupulous attention did not lead him to perceive in her any thing that

could tend to lessen the violence of his passion.

Yet, he had had the courage to conceal it from every body. Eulalia and her father saw in his assiduities nothing more than good neighbourhood, friendship and esteem, with which they were flattered. Mr. Crimmer was surprised to find in a man who was still young, a solidity of disposition, a maturity of judgment, which would have done honor to many old men and congratulated himself sincerely upon the happy chance which had procured him such an acquaintance.

Three months passed in this manner. Meinau abandoned himself without scruple to the pleasure of forming, in a manner, but one family with that of his charming mistress. The sweetest intimacy was already established between them, and the artless Eulalia candidly confessed that she

had never found such charms in her solitude but since it was frequently shared by the Baron. Then it was that this passionate lover could with infinite difficulty repress an avowal, always ready to escape him; but he was firmly persuaded that his repose and virtue depended upon the silence he should keep, and till then, he had been sufficiently master of himself to forbear betraying his sentiments.

But he was going to undergo a trial, so much the more difficult to support, as he was very far from foreseeing that it could be preparing for him.

One morning, as he was making ready to go and see Eulalia, Mr. Crimmer was announced. This was the first time that he received his visit, and he had a vague suspicion that it must have some extraordinary motive, though he could

not possibly conjecture what might be the nature of it.

Mr. Crimmer requested to have a private interview: when they were left to themselves in Meinau's library, "My young friend," said the old man, "you are perhaps far from suspecting the motive that brings me here to-day: have the goodness to give me your attention, and in a moment you shall know what procures you a visit, which I am sure you did not expect.

"From the day when the important service which you rendered to my Eulalia brought me acquainted with you for the first time, I have been studying you with all the attention and sagacity, which a long experience could give me, and I believe I have remarked nothing but what is deserving of the highest esteem."

A low bow was the only answer which Meinau thought he had to return to this flattering compliment—Mr. Crimmer continued:

"I have run a long and laborious race. I enjoyed an honourable place in the magistracy; but finding myself possessed of rather too small a fortune, and being jealous of fulfilling the duties of my office with the most scrupulous integrity, I found great difficulty in supplying the wants of a numerous family. My three sons had entered into the army; I had made great sacrifices in order to support them; they promised to be in their turn the support of my old age; they all lost their lives in the same battle! Two months after, death robbed me of my two infant daughters, and their mother, unable to bear these repeated losses, was not long in following them to the grave . . ."

Here, a few drops started in the eyes of the venerable old man—

" Forgive these just tears, my dear Meinau," said he, affectionately pressing his hand; " for forty years, she had made the happiness of my life, and her beloved image shall never be erased from my memory."

After a moment's silence, Mr. Crimmer continued in these words:

" Left alone, as it were, in the world with the eldest of my daughters, then only eight years old, I retired to this country-house, of which you sometimes come to charm the solitude. A sister of mine, widow of a Major in the Prussian service, and who had experienced some reverse of fortune, has not disdained to come and share it, and for near seven years that we have inhabited it, we have

made it our only study to superintend the education of my dear Eulalia. The chief object of our cares has been to form her heart and adorn her mind, and I have the consolation to think that we have not been altogether unsuccessful."

Mr. Crimmer paused for a minute or two; he looked at Meinau, with an attention which had nothing disobliging in it, but which seemed to be waiting for an answer, though no direct question had been made.

Meinau, who did not as yet comprehend what could be the meaning of this extraordinary conversation, but whom the frequent mention of the object of his most ardent love threw into inexpressible confusion, Meinau kept a silence very painful to both. At length, seeing that he was not disposed to break it, Mr. Crimmer went on.

"I am now arrived at that period of life, in which I am no longer permitted to promise myself a long series of years. Death has nothing dreadful for me, but I tremble, when I think of the dangers to which my Eulalia would be exposed, if I were suddenly snatched from her. Her aunt enjoys but a very weak state of health, and my family, now almost extinct, does not offer a single person to whose care I should dare to entrust my beloved child. I can see but one way to obviate all these difficulties, which is to marry her as soon as possible: what do you think of it, my dear Meinau?"

Lightning is not more swift than the effect produced by these last words, pronounced in a sudden manner, and as it were, without any preparation. The active imagination of the impetuous Meinau represented to him his mistress in the arms of a happy rival, and although he was

firmly resolved not to seek himself such a happiness, yet this insupportable idea completely overturned all his faculties.

However, an answer must be given to the abrupt question of the honest Mr. Crimmer, and besides, Meinau must conceal from him, if possible, at least part of the extraordinary emotion which he experienced.

"Nothing can be wiser than your plan." replied Meinau, in a voice which he endeavoured to render firm and composed: "but, in the choice of a husband for the beautiful Eulalia, doubtless, you will be careful to find one that will make her as happy as she deserves."

"That is exactly what occupies my mind night and day, and why I wished to consult you, before I fixed upon any settled determination."

" Me! my dear Mr. Crimmer," exclaimed the Baron, in a still greater agitation; " why, really, I do not know any body— I live in such a seclusion . . . ."

—" Which does not prevent you from giving me some advice upon so nice a point. You tell me that you do not know any body that can suit my daughter; well then, I tell you that I think I have found the only man, whose alliance I should prefer to any other's in every respect. A just and upright mind, an extensive knowledge, an amiable disposition, he possesses every good quality, and even those external accomplishments, upon which you may well suppose that I set but little value, but which, however, are not to be despised in a case like this . . . . . Well! my dear Meinau, you are still silent; can you refuse me your assistance to put an end to this painful irresolution?"

The Baron's emotion was now at its height; he could hardly articulate some of those insignificant common-place expressions, which are made use of, in order to avoid giving a direct and precise answer: yet he ardently wished, though at the same time he trembled, to know who was the happy man, of whom Mr. Crimmer had drawn such a fine portrait; desire and curiosity prevailed over his fear, and he ventured the terrible question.

"What!" answered Mr. Crimmer, "you did not immediately know whom I meant?"

—"Indeed I did not."

—"Well, you are going to see him."

—"How so?"

—"Cast your eyes upon that looking glass."

—" I only see your image and mine."

—" Why, you do not suppose that I shall marry my own daughter, do you ?"

—" What! . . . can it be possible . . . ! oh! heavens! . . . am I sufficiently miserable?" . . . and he fell back upon a chair. His wild and staring looks were bent upon the ground, and he remained for some minutes in a state of perfect insensibility.

Mr. Crimmer observed him for some time, with an attention mingled with surprise, which would have appeared very comical in any other circumstance.

" Why, my dear Meinau," said he at last, " you seem to have lost the faculty of speech. Has my proposal any thing so very terrific, that it should occasion that sort of stupor which overwhelms your senses ?"

Drawn from his deep reverie by the words he had heard, Meinau answered:

" I am unworthy of your kindness, my dear Mr. Crimmer; you see before you the most unfortunate man upon earth."

—" Why so? Have you by chance made some secret marriage? or has your heart been smitten by the charms of some other beauty? In that case, there is an end of every thing I have said."

—" No, nothing of the kind. It is very true that I am a prey to the most violent love; but to the divine Eulalia I owe the experiencing of a passion, which hitherto I had never truly felt."

—" If so, what hinders you from complying with my wishes?"

—" An invincible obstacle."

—" Do you mean the inequality of fortunes? But you will observe that Eulalia is an only child, and I will now engage myself, in consideration of this marriage, to give up every thing I possess."

—" You misunderstand me; I should be ill-deserving of your esteem, if I were actuated by such a motive; but an unsurmountable aversion from the bonds of marriage ....."

—" Is that all? Mere prejudice, and of which the goodness of your understanding will soon point out the fallacy. Tell me, my dear Meinau, whether it is possible to conceive a happiness comparable to that of two married persons, whose tastes, inclinations and tempers are in perfect harmony, who always anticipating

with eagerness every thing that can please one another, seem to confound their existence, to create to themselves, in a narrow, but delightful sphere, enjoyments which escape the generality of men?"

—" Doubtless, nothing can be more enchanting than the picture you have set before me; but how seldom do we see it realized! If ever a woman could so far forget the laws of duty and honor ..... Oh! the bare idea of it throws me into a transport of which I can hardly be master, even though founded upon a supposition merely hypothetical."

—" Nothing but chimeras of an exalted imagination, ridiculous prejudice, arising from the foolish presumption of those impertinent coxcombs, who people the great cities of the country which you have long inhabited, and who seem to think no woman is able to withstand their

extraordinary merit. Believe me, Meinau, there are women still, and many too, especially in these parts, where the contagion of evil example has not yet made its way, who join the graces of the exterior to the precious advantage of a solid virtue; I have myself been so happy as to experience it, and my Eulalia, sweet, artless and ingenuous, wants nothing, to render her a perfect imitation of her virtuous mother, but to find an amiable and sensible husband, who, constantly desirous of completing her happiness, will be careful to develope and form her excellent character."

—"But then," replied Meinau, in a faultering tone, "that husband should be certain that he has succeeded in moving the heart of the charming Eulalia, and I dare not pretend....."

—"But you ought to dare, my good friend: has any thing ever led you to sus-

pect that you were not favourably received?"

—" No; but still there is a great difference between this and the sentiments which I could wish I had inspired, in the present supposition. As much careful to conceal the violent passion which inflamed my heart, as another would have no doubt been, to boast of it, I have remarked in the conduct and words of your amiable daughter towards me, nothing but what was within the strict bounds of a kind civility."

—" Well! then, *I* have been more clear-sighted than you, and I am not afraid to assure you that she by no means sees you with indifference."

—" How! it might be possible . . . . . !

stantly to follow; but it could not suggest to him a single resolution that was not instantly overturned by another diametrically opposite.

A great part of the day had elapsed in this painful and painful situation, and Meinau had not yet been able to fix upon any satisfactory plan, when Sir William was announced. This was a most unexpected visit, and the presence of this friend, to whom, however, the Baron was sincerely attached, was by no means agreeable to him at this critical juncture. He could very well have dispensed with it, but the servants, who knew the Baronet's intimacy with their master, did not suppose that there was any occasion for denying his being at home. Besides, Sir William was just returned from England, where the hope of accomodating the affair of honor which had driven him from it, and the want of taking possession

of a pretty considerable legacy left him by a relation, had detained him above two months, and it would have appeared rather extraordinary if, after such an absence, Meinau had shown no eagerness to receive his visit.

Accordingly, Sir William was introduced. When the first compliments were over, Meinau, who, in spite of himself, could think of nothing else but the conversation he had had in the morning with Mr. Crimmer, fell insensibly into a deep reverie, which greatly astonished the Baronet, who, having ventured a few insignificant questions, which were answered only by monosyllables, determined at last to imitate awhile such an extraordinary silence. Meinau being no longer interrupted, probably thought himself once more alone. He walked hastily across the room, then stopped, raised his eyes to heaven, clasped his hand to his forehead,

then again cast his eyes upon the ground, crossed his arms upon his breast, and abruptly continued his strides. The name of Eulalia frequently escaped his lips .... "Why must I renounce for ever the happiness of possessing her?" .... These words were pronounced with a sort of transport bordering upon delirium.

Sir William, who was standing immoveable in a dark corner of the room, with his back against the wall, observed what passed before his eyes with a curious attention. He now began partly to comprehend the motives which produced such a violent agitation in the mind of the Baron.

The implacable Baronet had not forgotten the insult which he pretended to have received from Meinau, when at the Countess de Forbach's, in the presence of a numerous company, he had been reduced

to the most humiliating silence. Above all, he could not bear the idea of having been vanquished by him in single combat, without his having condescended to honor him with the slightest attack. From that moment, he had vowed against him a revenge proportioned to the injury.

His connexion with the Countess was now more intimate than ever, and as the love which she had felt for the Baron was turned into the most violent hatred, these two personages had been employing themselves in combining a plan worthy of those characters, which are the more dangerous as their dissimulation is deeper. Sir William's journey to England had suspended its execution, but the Countess, who had secret spies that watched all the motions of the Baron, was well informed of the frequent visits which he paid to Mr. Crimmer: nevertheless, although she had bribed one of the old man's ser-

vants, yet the austere reserve with which Meinau had hitherto conducted himself had given her scarcely any reason to suspect that he was in love with the fair Eulalia.

Lady Forbach had not failed to impart to Sir William, immediately upon his return, a discovery which she thought would prove of great service in the execution of their projects. Both had seen that probably they would be obliged to make some alteration in the plan which they had at first fixed upon: but, before that, it was necessary to collect every possible information, and it was with a view to this that Sir William was come to visit Meinau at his country-house.

The artful Baronet could not have come at a time more favourable to his odious views, and therefore, from the moment of his first entering Meinau's

apartment, he had been observing him with the greatest attention, in order to lay hold of every thing that he thought would further his schemes. However, as he could hear but a few unconnected expressions, which only led him to form some vague conjectures, he determined to pursue another method, in order to arrive at a greater certainty.

Accordingly, he slowly approached the Baron, who seemed hardly to recollect that Sir William had been with him upwards of half an hour.

"You have some secret grief," said he, with that hypocritical, whining tone, which had so well succeeded him before, "you have some grief, and you would let your dearest friend remain still longer ignorant of the cause! how little you do justice to his sincere attachment! My dear Meinau, do not add to my painful

uneasiness: I perceive in your countenance the traces of a deep sorrow; do you think that you cannot alleviate its weight by pouring it into the bosom of him, who has no other wish but that of seeing restored to your agitated soul that calm which you are so worthy of enjoying?"

The Baron listened to him with silent attention, and continued so, even long after Sir William had done speaking. He seemed to be debating within himself whether he should keep his secret, or yield to the pleasure so sweet and so natural of entrusting it to a friend, whom he thought he had irrevocably attached to himself by his noble proceedings, as much as by the benefits which he had conferred upon him. At last, after some moments of irresolution, he fixed upon the last plan, the wisest in appearance, but unfortunately the most dangerous in reality.

He took Sir William by the hand, made him sit by him, and after a succinct account of the principal events of his life, prior to the time when they became acquainted with each other, he began to give him a circumstantial detail of his fatal meeting with Eulalia, the sentiments which he could not help feeling for that amiable person, the unsuccessful struggles of his too weak heart, and lastly, the long and extraordinary conversation which had passed that very morning between him and the father of his mistress.

"Well, my dear Sir William," added he, when he had concluded his narrative, "say, whether there can be a situation more distressing than mine? judge, whether after all I have said, I was not justified in withholding a confession, which overwhelms me with confusion in my own eyes?"

"Really, my dear Baron," answered Sir William, "I am astonished that, with such an excellent understanding as you possess, you should have such a strange way, I beg pardon for the expression, of seeing into things. What can be more simple, for instance, than this event which seems to terrify you so much? You have been subdued by the charms of a young person, who, by your own confession, unites all the qualities which are calculated to make a husband completely happy. Not only they do justice to your merit, but they even save you the trouble of making yourself a declaration, and of taking those steps which are commonly indispensable, but which are not taken without some degree of reluctance, and still you hesitate upon what you are to do! Why, marry, to be sure, and lose not a moment, for fear the old gentleman should, either through caprice or some other cause, repent his good intention."

—"But I have told you the powerful motives which oppose such a determination."

—"A mere bagatelle! and which, were I in your place, would not stop me a moment, I assure you. And, suppose you were to experience, as so many others have, that accident. . . . . ."

Sir William saw the countenance of the Baron assume the expression of the greatest displeasure: he interrupted himself in time, and continued in a softer and more persuasive tone:

"What man, my dear Meinau, deserves less, nay, is more certain of avoiding that disgrace, which would be less frequent, did husbands possess all your means of pleasing and were they more careful to keep their wives from doubtful or dangerous connexions, by those

assiduous and delicate attentions, from which I am certain you never will depart?"

The subtle and artful Baronet was no stranger to the perfidious talent of employing flattery, when he thought it useful in carrying on his plans. He used a few more arguments against the system of conduct to which Meinau appeared strongly attached, and as the principles of the Baron, on the present point of view, did not rest upon a solid foundation, Sir William, who really was a man of abilities, found no great difficulty in confuting them. Moreover, his arguments, which were presented with infinite art, found a secret support in the heart of the lovesick Meinau, so that, when he took his leave in order to return to Cassel, where he meant to be that night, he left him, if not absolutely convinced, at least very much staggered.

The Baron spent the night in a most violent agitation, and the next morning, when he mounted his horse, in order to pay a visit to Mr. Crimmer, he was still in doubt what answer he ought to make to his obliging proposals; twice, when about to enter the avenue which led to the house, he was on the point of riding back to his castle: at length, however, he took a courageous resolution and rapidly advanced, in spite of the extraordinary emotion which he could not help experiencing.

He felt as if delivered of an insupportable weight, when, upon his entrance, he was told that Mr. Crimmer, who probably did not expect him so soon, had set off before daylight for one of his farms, situated at some leagues distance. Eulalia had not accompanied her father, and Meinau thought he could perceive, as he approached her, a sort of modest reserve and embarrassment, which was rather unusal

This he imagined to be the result of some confidence made the day before by Mr. Crimmer. However, the conversation which at first was cold and constrained, soon took a more confident and animated turn, and Eulàlia supported it with that amiable vivacity, those affecting and artless graces which had already so often charmed the good, the sensible Meinau.

It was in one of these moments, replete with delightful extacy, in which the Baron, yielding to the violence of his passion, was delineating in glowing colors the charms of an union founded upon mutual esteem, congeniality of disposition, and reciprocity of the softest feelings, that Eulalia, carried away, as it were, by the impulse of his powerful eloquence, could not help exclaiming: "God! what happiness, if I could find all this in the husband which heaven has destined for me!"

Eulalia felt that she had said too much; her face was instantly covered with a modest blush, but scarcely had she concluded this involuntary exclamation, when Meinau fell at her feet. It was no longer in his power to withhold the formal avowal of a passion which his behaviour had hitherto given hardly any room to suspect. A moment was sufficient to overturn all his former resolutions, and to put an end to his painful uncertainty. Eulalia listened to him in silence, but it was easy to read upon her countenance, still incapable of disguising her sentiments, a full expression of the pleasure occasioned by this unexpected declaration.

Meinau, certain already of Mr. Crimmer's consent, now indulged the delightful hope of a marriage, which could not be celebrated too soon for the satisfaction of his wishes; and one may very well suppose that he obtained from his mistress the

charming avowal which a lover is always so anxious to hear from the lips of the beloved object.

When Mr. Crimmer came back in the evening, he seemed at first rather surprised at seeing Meinau; but being made acquainted with what had passed in his absence, the good old man was overjoyed of a determination which completed his his fondest wishes, and which perhaps he did not expect quite so soon.

The next day was employed in settling every thing that related to the marriage, and it was agreed that it should be celebrated within as short a time as possible.

Meinau, still a little ashamed of his abrupt change in the principles which he had always so strongly professed, felt a wish that this mighty affair could be kept secret till after its conclusion, but he had

not the courage to own this new weakness to his future father-in-law, and in a few days, nothing was spoken of at Cassel but the unexpected marriage of the Baron.

Sir William had not failed to relate to Lady Forbach, the conversation that had passed between him and Meinau, and the Countess had already anticipated the hope of revenge which the love of the Baron for Mr. Crimmer's daughter would produce in her ulcerated soul. Already was she contriving a number of schemes, in order to counteract a passion, which seemed to attest in a still more forcible manner the want of power in her own charms: but the Baronet, more expert than his guilty accomplice, in the detestable art of striking a sure blow into a feeling heart, found no difficulty in convincing her, that, with a disposition and principles as those which they had long known the Baron to possess, the interest of their ter-

rible revenge required that their enemy should marry the object of his tenderness. It was, therefore, agreed that Sir William should do every thing in his power in order to determine Meinau to conclude a marriage, which he seemed equally to wish and to dread: but as the Baron had already taken his resolution, Sir William had no occasion to use his perfidious eloquence.

A fortnight after, the marriage was celebrated. Meinau, was naturally an enemy to pomp and empty show: yet, as he was possessed of an ample fortune, he thought he ought not to omit any thing that could contribute to the happiness of his wife. He, therefore, took a house at Cassel, larger than the one he had before; encreased the number of his servants, purchased new carriages, and boldly daring all the wretched witticisms which he had expected, was not ashamed to manifest by his con-

duct, his actions and his very words, the tenderness he felt for Eulalia.

The new Baroness, on her part, although suddenly thrown into a world very different from the one she had hitherto lived in, did not appear to be dazzled by a splendor to which her eyes had been unaccustomed. Her happy husband, who had proposed observing her at the beginning with a scrupulous attention, was overjoyed to see that she always preserved that amiable simplicity, that interesting artlessness, which had constantly charmed him. From this he drew the most favorable omen for his future life, and all those exaggerated fears, which had so long prevented his forming a happy union, were therefore completely banished from his breast. A security, which left the whole of his fenceless Eulalia exposed to the attacks and snares, which were laid for her

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by the cruel machinations of an active and concealed revenge.

Sir William and the Countess de Forbach had seen with transports of an infernal joy the torch of hymen blazing for Meinau. The former, especially, making use of every means that an odious duplicity can possibly suggest to deceive an upright heart, found no difficulty in cementing still more strongly than ever the friendship which subsisted between him and the Baron. In seeming to enjoy his unbounded confidence, he wanted to manage himself an easy access into the mind of his young wife; and his plan was pretty artfully calculated to lead him to the terrible success which he wished to obtain.

This, however, did not at first answer his expectations. Eulalia, without any knowledge of the world, wanting the experience which is often necessary to avoid

falling into errrors, but having a sincere love for her husband, and attached to virtue, still more through sentiment than through principle, Eulalia rendered his dark attempts a long time useless: his perfidious and artful insinuations presented as yet no sort of meaning to the mind of the young person, and often would the interpretation of some obscure expression, suddenly stop the Baronet, who, afraid of being discovered, would instantly give another turn to the conversation.

Another interest equally as strong as revenge now animated him to the pursuit of his odious schemes. He had not been able constantly to see the lovely Eulalia, and to enjoy her conversation replete with sprightly wit and charming graces, without falling in love with her, and this new passion, as impetuous as it was skilfully concentrated, was another powerful mo-

tive, added to that which had before inspired him. Resolved to use every means in his power to obtain his end, he felt the insufficiency of those he had employed till then, and soon prepared to take more efficacious measures.

Meinau had already lived six months in the enjoyment of perfect felicity. Adored by his young wife, who bore in her bosom a pledge of their mutual tenderness, his enchanted imagination presented to him nothing but a long series of happy moments. He could not help being astonished at the uncommon reluctance which had kept him from a state in which he had at last found true happiness, and if he consoled himself for having lost, without knowing it, the best years of his youth, it was in thinking that fate had reserved for him the only woman that could make him enjoy it without allay. He would have thought himself highly

culpable in still preserving an injurious mistrust, and by an effect of that ardent disposition, which often carried him beyond all true bounds, he was intimately convinced that the virtue of his Eulalia was sufficient to protect her against the seductions of a corrupt world.

Sir William, who had penetration enough to discover this disposition, rightly conceived that the Baron would oppose no great resistance to the design he had formed of prevailing upon Eulalia to mix in the bustle of society. She had as yet manifested but a very moderate partiality for those noisy and tumultuous pleasures, which perhaps suspend, rather than charm, the weariness of those brilliant idlers, whose useless existence is wholly spent in imagining fresh means of varying their easy enjoyments. Yet, it might easily be supposed that the head of a young woman would not easily be proof against

the captivating picture which Sir William would every day place before her eyes, and it was not long before he raised in the heart of Eulalia a desire of experiencing, at least, whether those agreeable pictures had any reality.

The house of Lady Forbach was still the only one that gave the ton to the whole province, but not to frighten the severe Meinau, she had taken care to select her connexions and to confine herself within the circle of a less numerous and apparently better chosen acquaintance. She had herself thrown over her conduct, sometimes more than imprudent, a certain veil of decency, which seemed to announce some project of reform, of which the honest Baron was made a complete dupe: therefore, when that Lady, who, for some time, had been endeavouring to regain Meinau's esteem, expressed to him a wish of seeing his wife embellish now-

and-then the society which met at her house, he objected nothing but the love of Eulalia for a sedentary life: but Sir William had already taken care to surmount that obstacle, and the imprudent Meinau being informed that his interesting wife was not averse from accepting those perfidious invitations, thought he could not give her too soon this fresh proof of his complaisance.

When Eulalia was introduced for the first time at Lady Forbach's, the marks of regard which were lavished upon her, and the sort of worship of which she became the object, filled her young head with those intoxicating ideas, which it is so difficult to guard against, even when it is known how little those deceitful appearances ought to be trusted. Vanity began to enter her pure heart, which had only been accessible to the softest affections. Flattered by an homage, which

she might consider as paid to her uncommon merit, Eulalia regretted within herself that she had not yielded sooner to the solicitations of the artful Baronet. Meinau, on his part, saw nothing in that new society that ought to inspire him with any alarms for the morals of his adored wife. The general subject of conversation, which was sprightly, enlivening, but always decent, persuaded him that the Countess had sincerely acknowledged the impropriety, and evil tendency of some opinions, of which he had at first dreaded the dangerous influence upon his Eulalia, and he afterwards saw without the least uneasiness the forming of a connexion which was to overturn the frail edifice of his happiness.

The joy of Sir William and Lady Forbach was now complete. They had observed the Baroness too attentively not to perceive the effect of the flattering re-

ception which they had managed for her, and from this moment, they thought themselves certain of succeeding in their sinister designs. Such, however, is the force of a virtuous education, when founded upon the principles of sound reason, that it remains a long time proof against the seductions of crime, which finds it necessary to undermine its salutary foundations.

Sir William saw with grief that he made no progress in the heart of Eulalia. She did justice to the amiable qualities under which he knew how to conceal his odious character: but she only saw in him the friend of a husband whom she tenderly loved, and it never entered her mind that he could hope to obtain from her sentiments of another nature. In vain did the artful and perfidious Countess, who had easily obtained her confidence, endeavour to heighten in her eyes the merit of Sir

William; Meinau alone was still in possession of all her tenderness.

The want of success of all these different attempts obliged Lady Forbach and her faithful associate to contrive some fresh schemes. Meinau's fortune was such as to enable him to indulge his pretty wife in all those ruinous fancies for which she began to take some sort of liking. If he sometimes ventured to make some slight observations, a tear starting into a most beautiful eye, was sufficient to disarm him instantly, and he thought himself too happy in recalling, by an immediate consent, the enchanting smile which paid him for his complaisance.

Sir William and the Countess judged it necessary for the success of their plans to give a considerable check to the Baron's fortune. Chance assisted them in this odious design, by bringing to Cassel one

of those bold intriguing adventurers, who having quickly dispatched their patrimony, find means to supply their extravagant expences, by multiplying their dupes wherever they happen to direct their course.

The Chevalier de Clerembourg was descended from an ancient Saxon family, whose only offspring he was. In a journey which Meinau had taken to Vienna, a few years before, he had had the good fortune to save the life of the Chevalier, who was there at the same time. Attacked at night, in the turn of a street, by four men armed, he would infallibly have fallen a victim to their villainy, had not Meinau very luckily come to his assistance. This event had given rise to a pretty intimate connexion between them, during several months that Meinau staid in Vienna, where he was detained by a lawsuit, upon which depended a great

part of his fortune. The Chevalier de Clerembourg, to whom the death of a saving father had given the disposal of his riches, was then making his entrée into the world. He possessed a number of amiable qualities, and doubtless, he never would have swerved from the paths of honor, had lawful and continued resources constantly supplied his extravagant prodigality.

At the time when Meinau left Vienna, the Chevalier had not yet had occasion to employ those shameful means which he made use of afterwards; therefore, while he pitied the errors which rapidly led him to certain ruin, the Baron entertained for him a great deal of attachment and esteem. From that time, the distance of places which they had respectively inhabited, and the difference of professions which they had followed, had interrupted, almost in its beginning, a connexion which time

had not consolidated, and Meinau had not heard since from his new friend.

The Chevalier, who had become a little moderate, owing to the wise counsels of Meinau, had found means, after his departure, to squander away in a very short time the fortune left him by his parents. His education, which had been too much neglected, did not offer against the violence of his passions the wholesome help of the solid principles of sound morality, and in order to keep up the kind of life which he had followed till then, he was not ashamed to have recourse to a number of expedients, justly condemned by a scrupulous probity.

With a considerable share of sprightly wit, an astonishing activity, the precious art of pleasing, and of conciliating esteem by a conduct apparently irreproachable, the Chevalier de Clerembourg changing his

name and profession, as he thought it best adapted to his views, had carried his fatal industry into almost every great city in Europe. London promised him too brilliant a theatre, to think it unworthy of his talents, already pretty well exercised, and he was upon his way to this city, when the occasional meeting of Meinau at Cassel determined him to make a longer stay.

Sir William, who recollected to have seen Clerembourg at Florence, whence an adventure not very honourable had forced him to fly in a rather precipitate manner, hastened to renew his acquaintance with him, and he soon succeeded in bringing him to the point he wished him, though, at the same time, he took care not to tell him any more of his project, but what was absolutely necessary to insure its execution, without hazarding the discovery of

a secret wholly confined between him and the Countess de Forbach.

It was agreed that Clerembourg should settle for some time at Cassel. Meinau offered him an apartment in his house, and Sir William promised to supply him with money sufficient to make him independent.

The lively fertile imagination of the Chevalier, suggested every day the plan of some new project. In the number, there might perhaps be some, whose execution was not totally impracticable, and which promised the most brilliant advantages. Clerembourg possessed in an eminent degree, the talent of an easy, plausible elocution, well calculated to operate that kind of persuasion necessary for the carrying on of his plans. Long did the wise and judicious Meinau refuse taking any part in those combinations, which, notwithstand-

ing the apparent certainty of the measures adopted for their success, seemed, nevertheless, only fit to be ranked in the class of deceitful illusions. Enjoying, moreover, a solid fortune, and accustomed to moderate his desires, under this point of view, he was but little anxious to augment it.

One day, at last, when the Baron had received a considerable reimbursement, Sir William and the Chevalier contrived so well to work upon his mind, that they determined him to hazard that sum. The success of the operation appeared so certain, it promised such excellent advantages, that it would have been the height of caprice in Meinau, if he had refused to take a part in it. This first essay was indeed successful, and in less than a fortnight, the three associates got double their money.

It was now less difficult to draw the Baron into new speculations. For some months, they continued to be attended with the most unequivocal success: but suddenly, a reverse unexpected, although treacherously prepared, came to overturn the best founded hopes. One morning, Clerembourg disappeared: he took good care, as may very-well be supposed, not to go empty handed; and, as in order to procure large sums in ready money, he had not scrupled to make a good use of the credit of Meinau, the latter saw himself beset by a number of creditors, whose exaggerated, though legal, demands absorbed one half of his fortune.

Sir William had taken the necessary precautions not to be personally a sufferer in this loss. Even, for some time before this, he had appeared not to see with the same eye the very great confidence which

the Baron had reposed in Clerembourg, and some few indirect expressions which he had affected to throw upon him, produced the effect which he expected, that of doing away even the suspicion that he had acted a part in the odious machinations of the Chevalier.

At the first public rumor of Meinau's misfortune, Sir William hastened, with all the hypocritical eagerness of a studied zeal, to offer to him, for whom he had been so long profaning the sacred name of friend, his assistance in reparing with his purse and credit the terrible check given to his fortune. But he was too well acquainted with the Baron's disposition, to be afraid of being taken at his word. In effect, Meinau, taking his determination, as a man whom such misfortunes could not overwhelm, sold part of his estate to liquidate the rest, suppressed his carriages, took a less large house, and in short neg-

lected none of the means of economy which his new situation required.

Such was the result which Sir William and Lady Forbach had expected from their schemes. If their dangerous lessons had not as yet corrupted the heart of Eulalia, they had, however, inspired her with a relish for a noisy and fastuous life. The young person could not see without a secret vexation the prudent reforms which her husband was making in his house, and the two furies who were bent upon her ruin, did not fail to encrease her resentment by every means their hatred could suggest.

Tranquil in the midst of adversity, Meinau was far from expecting the storm which was gathering over his head: he did not think the misfortune which he had experienced could diminish in the least the tender attachment which his

young wife had always manifested. His heart bled at the frequent refusals which he was obliged to oppose to some of her demands, which the present state of his fortune would not permit him to gratify: but he flattered himself that his Eulalia, more than any other woman, would listen to the voice of reason, when he was remonstrating against her vain fancies. He was mistaken: this almost continual resistance to caprices, of which, in spite of herself, she would sometimes condemn the impropriety, greatly indisposed the Baroness; but, already capable of dissimulation, she would go and pour her little chagrins into the bosom of Lady Forbach, who did not, as may well be supposed, try to excuse the unhappy and too reasonable husband.

Another year elapsed in this manner; Meinau had been married little more than two, and two children embellished the

charm of an union, upon which he was every day congratulating himself. Yet, some few light clouds had already disturbed the perfect intelligence which subsisted between him and Eulalia: Meinau, however, full of confidence in the virtue of his wife, had not felt the least uneasinees on that account, and he only endeavoured to disperse them by the most assiduous attentions. The moment was approaching, when he was going to be snatched by the most terrible blow from his deceitful security.

Sir William, whom no kind of obstacle was capable of discouraging, when about following the plan traced by his desire of vengeance, had been but too successful in undermining the fidelity of the unfortunate Eulalia. An inclination, which she had not been careful to combat from the beginning, already spoke in her feeble heart in favour of the Baronet, and though

her husband still possessed the first place, yet the scale was ready to turn on the side of his rival. Lady Forbach was too quick an observer not to remark this disposition, which completed her wishes, and it may easily be imagined that she did every thing in her power in order to strengthen it. She now began to be less circumspect in her secret conversations with the Baroness: Meinau became the object of her railleries and sarcasms; she pressed Eulalia in her arms, and sincerely pitied such a lovely person, for being bound to such a cross capricious husband as hers. How happy, for instance, had she been the wife of a man like Sir William! Younger than Meinau, attentive, complaisant, fond of the world and its pleasures, life with him would have been nothing but a continued train of enjoyments.

These speeches, frequently repeated, daily made a greater impression on the

mind of Eulalia: she was staggered, and seemed as if waiting with a sort of impatience for a more decisive language: on another hand, Sir William and the Countess were still hesitating, for fear of spoiling every thing through too much precipitation. An incident, insignificant in itself, determined him to act without any further restraint. Meinau possessed a very good estate in Silesia, which, for want of proper management, yielded but a small income. He formed the resolution to go and spend a summer there, to try to give it a greater value, and he spoke of it to Eulalia, whom he thought of taking with him.

The Baroness did not think without dread of the solitude of an old castle, ten or twelve leagues distant from any town, and lost, as it were, in the midst of immense forests. She ran to her friend, to whom she imparted her fears and her re-

luctance. The first advice of the Countess was that she should give a flat refusal to go into such a disagreeable kind of exile; but Sir William, who was immediately sent for, thought the moment was come to strike the blow which he had long meditated. As he was really in love, he found no difficulty in making her listen to the seducing language of a most violent passion. He painted in such strong colors his despair at being deprived of the sight of his adored mistress, that the weak Eulalia no longer hesitated to let him conceive the most flattering hopes. Then was openly discovered the project of an elopement, at the idea of which the young person was at first startled, but to which, however, after a long debate, she gave a shameful consent. Two days were sufficient to make every preparation, and on the third night, the guilty Eulalia left her husband, her children, her old father, whom her fault was to overwhelm with

grief, and with the yet more guilty Baronet, took the road to the nearest seaport. At her departure she left a letter upon the table, addressed to Meinau, wherein, after reproaches the least founded, upon what she termed his avarice and sordidness, she declared that she no longer felt the least attachment for him, and that she broke a chain which she no longer wore without horror.

How shall we paint the despair of the unfortunate Meinau, at the news of the elopement of his wife, with him whom he had always considered as his best friend! He could hardly believe his own eyes; he could hardly believe that writing, traced by the hand of a faithless and perfidious woman, from whom he expected happiness—from whom he received death .... death ...! Yes, in death alone could the wretched Meinau now find a refuge; this idea comforts him; it of

fers to him a termination of the horrid torments which he experiences.... His head becomes confused .... his features are totally changed ... his eyes become wild .... the fatal weapon is in his hand .... he applies it to his forehead .....

At that instant the door opens; a soft affecting voice obliges Meinau to suspend a moment his bloody sacrifice .... it is that of his own son, leading after him his infant sister, whose tottering steps are still in want of a support. A thought, more quick than lightning, represents to Meinau these innocent creatures abandoned by a cruel mother, deprived of a father murdered by despair, and left to the care of mercenary strangers—he cannot resist this picture, he throws away his pistol, takes his children in his arms, presses them to his heart, a tear starts in his eye..... Meinau is saved.....!

" Oh! my children," cried he, while sobs interrupted his utterance, " I will live for you, for you alone: I will supply the place of that guilty mother, who has so inhumanly abandoned you; I will teach you to mistrust the whole human race; I will guide your steps in that treacherous labyrinth called The World; you will every where see love and friendship betrayed.... virtue and merit oppressed .... vice and crime triumphant. But, what am I saying? Ah! let us fly that society, corrupted and corrupting; let us go into another clime, and seek men, whom civilization has not bereft of every feeling of humanity. I shall put a bow and arrows into your infant hands; I shall teach you to defend yourselves against lions and tygers, a thousand times less ferocious and sanguinary than men ....."

Thus was the unfortunate Meinau venting his grief in expressions which already

bore the stamp of that fatal misanthropy, which will soon take possession of his soul exasperated by the most horrid treachery.

Meinau yielded for some moments to the chimerical hope of going to inhabit another hemisphere: but his ideas soon became more calm; he saw that it was impossible for him to undertake a voyage, long, painful, and even dangerous for his infant children: he made them the sacrifice of his project, as he had some instants before that of his existence.

Meantime, Fame, so quick in spreading evil, had already published the flight of Eulalia with Sir William. It may easily be imagined how many strange conjectures it occasioned in a town where the wife of Meinau was looked upon as a perfect model of virtue. Meinau wanted to brave the ridiculous prejudice which

seems to attach shame to the husband betrayed by his wife; but he saw upon every countenance, either a sneering smile or an insulting pity.

He now finally took his determination: as the age of his children forbade him to fly into a remote part of the world, at least he resolved to quit that fatal town, which would continually remind him of his misfortunes; that town, which would incessantly recal to his mind the image of his too guilty and too dear Eulalia; and to seek in another, if not an alleviation to his sorrows, at least, that tranquil apathy, which will sometimes soften their bitterness.

This plan being now irrevocably settled, Meinau instantly made every preparation necessary for putting it into execution. He sold all his estates, disposed of the

amount in such a manner as to insure an independent fortune to his children, reserved for himself a considerable sum in gold, took diamonds for a still larger, and thus went out of Cassel, leaving the inhabitants at full liberty to make their own conjectures upon so precipitate a retreat.

While Meinau is seeking some corner where he may hide his misfortunes, let us return to the guilty Eulalia.

Led by her seducer, she soon arrived in London, where for eighteen months nothing was seen but pleasure and dissipation. The continual bustle in which she lived prevented remorse from entering her bosom; however, the moment arrived, and an event to which she was a witness tore the fatal veil from before her deluded eyes.

One day, she went to Windsor, to see a race, where all the Court was to be pre-

sent: the richness of her attire, the splendor of her equipage, her natural beauty, every thing conspired to make her one of the finest ornaments of the fête: after the races, Sir William, Eulalia and several of their friends went to dine at a charming country-house belonging to the Baronet.

After dinner, Eulalia went out alone, to take a walk in the delightful gardens that surrounded the house. Arrived at the bottom of one of the avenues, she perceived a little door which opened into the country. She pushed it, and went out with an intent of returning almost immediately. The fineness of the season, the singing of the birds, the fragrance of a thousand flowers, threw her into a profound reverie: she went to a great distance from the castle, without even perceiving it, and had proceeded to about a mile and a half, when she was recalled to

herself by piercing shrieks, which seemed to issue from a cottage about fifty yards distant from her.

Eulalia flew to the cottage; where, on entering, she saw a little country girl endeavouring to recover a woman who lay fainting on the floor. She ran to her assistance; her attentions, joined to those of the girl, proved a long time useless; at length, however, the woman gave some signs of life. Eulalia wished to know what had occasioned this accident; she received for answer that she was subject to those fainting fits, but that she never had experienced any so severe as on that day. Eulalia put likewise some questions to the young girl, about the situation of the person whose servant she appeared to be; but she was unable to get any satisfactory account: the girl only said, that for the whole three months that her mistress had inhabited that cottage, she had

always been plunged into the deepest melancholy; that she herself was only admitted a few hours in the day, and the rest of the time, remained with her father, who lived in the neighbourhood.

Eulalia, seeing that she could get no kind of information from the young girl, waited till the person she was assisting should be able to answer her questions: not that she was prompted by vain curiosity; but she felt herself interested for that woman, though she could not account for the motive.

When she recovered her senses, the unknown person appeared surprised to find herself in the arms of a young and amiable lady, who paid her every possible attention: she wished to express her gratitude, but she was so weak, that she could hardly articulate a few unconnected words. Eulalia, with that sweet caressing

voice of which her crime had not yet deprived her, told her to compose herself and promised to come the next day and enquire how she was. While the woman had her head bent down, she put her purse upon the chimney, went out, and repaired to the castle, fully resolved to visit that unfortunate woman, who did not seem born to that abject state to which she was reduced.

When Eulalia arrived at the castle, she found that they had been uneasy about her long absence, and she related the adventure. The carriage had been waiting for her, but she absolutely refused going back to London, and Sir William, whom business called to town, was obliged to leave Eulalia at the castle, hoping, said he, that the next day, she would think no more of her sentimental whim.

During part of the night, Eulalia's mind was full of nothing but the woman whom

she had been assiting: every thing in her appeared extraordinary; the plainness of her dress and habitation bore so great a contrast to the distinguished education which she seemed to have received, from the few words she had been speaking, that Eulalia wished twenty times for the next day, that she might unravel that kind of mystery.

At eight o'clock in the morning, she repaired to the cottage: the little girl told her that her mistress had had a very bad night. She approached the bed, and found the unknown person extremely weak: she attempted to sit up, but found it impossible to keep that situation. Eulalia desired her to be composed, and did every thing she could to prevent her wants and restore her health.

"Be easy," said she, "you shall not want for any thing."

—" How happy should I feel, were I deserving of your tender attentions! but your pity would soon turn to contempt, if you knew the person whom you wish to serve."

—" You are unfortunate, my dear friend, you have a claim upon me . . ."

—" I am a wretch."

—" Nay, compose yourself; your head seems strongly affected."

—" My head! . . . . ah! the wound is in the heart . . . . it is a mortal one . . . . Your conscience, madam, does not reproach you with any crime . . . . ."

Here Eulalia made a sudden start of terror——

" You know not, you'll never know

what dreadful and cutting remorse a crime draws after it."

—" A crime! .... Calm the agitation of your spirits; those features, upon which I can read the expression of candor and goodness, cannot be those of a criminal: a false delicacy, doubtless carries you too far."

" A false delicacy?" cried the unknown lady with an accent of despair. " I have murdered my husband!"

—" Your husband ....!"

At this instant, a most dreadful thought recalled to the mind of Eulalia the time when she was united with the unfortunate Meinau: a mortal shivering ran through all her veins; perhaps her strength would have failed her, but she tried to recover herself, when she saw that the person who

had occasioned such painful recollections was in a situation that made her fear for her life. She hastened to give her some assistance, and the woman coming a little to herself, thus addressed Eulalia:

"Cease your attentions for a wretch to whom I feel that they will henceforth be useless. Death, which I have but too well merited, is already hovering around me: listen to my deplorable story, and you will then judge whether I deserve that the hand of virtue should wipe away these tears. May this sad narrative convince you that none can swerve with impunity from the paths of virtue! May it serve to prove that a first crime always draws a second still greater after it!"

Let any one judge of the feelings of Eulalia, on hearing this extraordinary preamble: however, she tried to compose herself, and the unknown person began in the following words:

THE STORY OF LAURA ***.

"I was born in France, but shall not tell you the name of my family: it has only been disgraced by me, and it shall never be pronounced by these perjured lips: suffice it for you to know that in my infancy I was called Laura.

"At the age of seventeen, I married a cousin of mine, who was five-and-twenty: for three years, we lived in the sweetest and happiest union: a lovely and beloved child still served to strengthen it, and every day seemed to add to our mutual tenderness: idolized by respectable parents, whose declining existence seemed

reanimated by the prospect of our happiness, a happy daughter, a happy wife, a happy mother, alas! I alone have overturned the frail edifice of my felicity.

" In the house which we inhabited, lived a young knight of Malta, who sought to form a connexion with my husband: they were soon inseparable; every word, every action of the Chevalier de Colincour manifested the purest friendship; he behaved himself to me as he would to a beloved sister; it was that fatal snare that operated my ruin. By degrees the Chevalier ventured to praise my charms; he justified my whims, exalted my defects into virtues, and soon did the poison of flattery find access to my heart, which, from that time, became open to seduction.

" The Chevalier, expert in the fatal art of undermining the most solid virtue, instantly perceived that he had made some

progress upon my mind; he endeavoured to destroy the principles of honor which my respectable parents had been careful to implant in my heart; he ridiculed the simple manners of my husband, and succeeded so far as to make me ashamed of the bands that united me to him: in short, I totally forgot myself, as well as my duty.

"This fatal moment, seemed for a while to remove the thick veil from my deluded eyes: the pangs of remorse I felt were terrible; but the Chevalier knew how to soften them .... my errors became more frequent; the voice of conscience was weaker and weaker, and soon after, it became totally silent.

"At this time, my husband was obliged to make a voyage to America, in order to take possession of an estate left him by an aunt whose only heir he was. He

entrusted me to the care of his friend, and entreated that we should make ourselves as happy as we could during the eighteen months that he was to be absent.

"In short, what shall I say? My husband set off, and with him vanished every idea of duty, restraint and shame: I openly exhibited the most shocking conduct; I was to be seen everywhere with my lover; I opposed the most insulting contempt to the reproaches of my distracted parents, and the credit which the Chevalier enjoyed prevented their just complaints from being heard.

"My husband had been a whole year absent, and six months were yet to elapse before his return, when I perceived that I was pregnant. I was thunderstruck at this discovery: I imparted it to the Chevalier, who told me that I might make myself

easy, as nothing was more uncertain than the return of my husband at the precise time he had fixed, since it was very common to experience a delay of even several months in such a long voyage.

"Less fearful about the arrival of my husband, I endeavoured to hide my situation from every body's eyes: I succeeded for about five months; I was gone seven, and now seeing the impossibility of concealing it any longer, I was going to feign an illness that should oblige me to be confined to my chamber, when I received a letter from my husband, dated from Brest, informing me that in the course of forty-eight hours, he should have the pleasure of embracing me.

"In such an imminent danger, a quick flight was the only resource I could find to save me, and therefore, when the Chevalier came and proposed it, he had no great

difficulty in obtaining my consent: in a few hours, every preparation was made for our departure: we left Paris, and in a few days arrived in London.

" My first punishment was the coolness of the Chevalier: he found in me no more difficulties to surmount; from that time, he became tired of me, and I lay in, overwhelmed by the anguish I experienced from his neglect. I was no sooner recovered, than he plainly manifested his inconstancy, and even ceased to have for me those attentions which my situation had seemed to require.

" I loved the Chevalier; I did every thing in my power to reclaim him; but, at last, his infidelities were so multiplied, his disdain was so cruel, his contempt so bitter, that the desire of vengeance entered my soul . . . . Alas! how does a woman revenge herself . . . . . ?

" I now did nothing but fall from one crime into another, and I continued in this state until the dreadful event which restored me to my lost senses.

" One morning, as I was returning from a ball where I had spent the night, my servant told me that a man who seemed to be just recovered from illness, he was so pale and emaciated, had come twice, to ask whether I was come home. Imagining that it was some unfortunate person who was in want of assistance, I told the servant to give him two guineas if he called again, and I went to bed.

" I had been sleeping about an hour, when the door of my chamber suddenly opened: the curtains of my bed were drawn—

" ' Do you recollect me ?' said a voic which seemed to issue from the grave.

" I rose upon my bed .... Heavens! .... It was my husband! ! ! !

" His face was totally disfigured, his wild staring eyes bore the marks of despair—

" ' Wretched woman,' said he ' contemplate what thou hast done. I am going to join in the grave the victims of thy infamous conduct. Thy father and mother have fallen a prey to their grief; they died, venting curses upon thy head. I have supported existence for a few moments, merely for the sake of the innocent creature, which I thought I owed to thy love; it has just expired in my arms. May avenging heaven not let so many crimes go unpunished! as for me, I am just going to terminate a life, which thou hast covered with shame and filled with bitterness.' "

" At these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, applied it to his head, fired, and my unhappy husband fell bathing in his blood!"

At this part of her story, the face of Laura glows with animation, she springs from her bed, grasps the hand of Eulalia, and drags her to the other extremity of the cottage—

" Come," says she, " come and see this sight of horror."

She then snatches the veil which covered a large chest: heavens! who can paint the feelings of Eulalia, when she discovered the dried corpse of Laura's unfortunate husband! She cannot support this shocking spectacle; her brain becomes confused, her strength fails her, and she falls senseless on the floor.

On recovering, a spectacle still more terrible presents itself before her; she perceives the unfortunate Laura lying extended by the side of her husband; she wishes to give her some assistance . . . . . Laura had expired ! ! !

We have not mentioned the feelings which Eulalia experienced during Laura's recital; they were dreadful; Laura's story was her own; like Laura, she had forsaken her husband, her children; like Laura, doubtless, her old father had cursed her, as he descended to the grave; she expected every moment to see Meinau entering, disfigured by grief, and a pistol in his hand, terminating his bloody sacrifice ! !

She had, at that moment, before her eyes, the remains of a husband injured like Meinau: Laura was dead of despair and remorse; such probably was the fate

that awaited her. At this dreadful idea, the head of Eulalia becomes giddy; her imagination is mounted; her blood boils in her veins; she fancies that she sees wandering about her the irritated shades of her husband and children; she utters a shriek of horror, she flies, and the phantoms of her imagination incessantly pursue her .... Oh! how horrid must be the existence of him, whose hands have been sullied by a crime! In vain does he endeavour by a specious sophistry to stifle the voice of conscience; that dreadful voice continually resounds in his terrified soul; it pursues the guilty, presses, besets him, and by torments as long as they are terrible, avenges injured humanity or unregarded justice.

The unhappy Eulalia, as she went out of the cottage, where had vanished the deceitful and fatal illusion which had palliated in her eyes the enormity of her

crime, had been wandering through the fields, without knowing where she was directing her steps: she soon fell down at the foot of a tree, half dead with anguish and fatigue. Then, reflecting upon what had just passed, and afterwards carrying her thoughts upon Meinau, upon her children, shrieks of despair escape from her lips; she tears her garments, her hair, her own bosom; the blood runs upon her face and upon her mutilated body. Soon after she becomes more calm .... Alas! the wretched Eulalia feels less the evils which overwhelm her .... She has lost her reason.

A considerable time elapsed before Eulalia was restored to her grief; but at length, that moment arrived: she awoke as if from a profound sleep; what was her astonishment to find herself in a small room about six feet square. Large iron bars guarded the window; she herself was

placed upon some few disjointed boards, hardly covered with a handful of infectious straw; a strong chain, whose end was fastened in the wall, was fixed round her body with two large padlocks.

Eulalia was unable to conceive how she could be in such a situation. Sometimes, she thought herself plunged into a fatal dream, of which she impatiently expected the termination. By degrees, her ideas became less confused; she recollected part of her misfortunes, and the dreadful event which had dissipated her illusion, and she conjectured that she was in a mad-house. She looked upon the extremity to which she found herself reduced as a punishment of heaven, and a flood of bitter tears issued from her eyes.

She was a prey to the most afflicting reflections, when she heard the door of her cell open. It was the jailor, who was

tention that the state of her health rendered necessary. By degrees, he succeeded, if not to restore peace to her bosom, at least to inspire her with the resignation which she wanted to support her fate. He then advised her to return to her husband and endeavour to obtain his forgiveness. It was with infinite difficulty that Eulalia could prevail upon herself to take this determination; but at last he succeeded in obtaining her consent.

"After all," added he, "should your husband remain inflexible, come back to me; you shall always find under my humble roof, the consolations of a friend and the tenderness of a father."

Thanks to the attentive care of Mr. Binch, Eulalia arrived without any accident at Harwich, where she was to embark for Germany.

The passage was fortunate; she soon saw the country, where she had passed her days of innocence, and that sight renewed all her sorrows; she made enquiries about Meinau, but all she could learn was that he had sold all his estates, a short time after the flight of his wife; that he had afterwards quitted the country with his two children, and had not been heard of since.

Eulalia, finding herself without any resource, in a country formerly so dear to her heart, felt her courage fail her, and was on the point of attempting her life; but the counsels of Mr. Binch supported her in these trying moments. Resolved to fly that fatal country for ever, she remembered the Countess de Walberg, of whose virtues and beneficence she had heard a great deal. She repaired to the castle of Limbach, where the Countess then resided and entreated her to grant her an asylum.

" Save me, madam," said she, " from my own despair; deign to receive an unfortunate woman, who, but for your goodness, will soon see death put an end to her misfortunes, which alas! are but too well deserved."

The Countess received her with kindness, consoled her and promised to allow her full liberty in the castle.

" Add to your goodness, madam," continued Eulalia, " the promise of never enquiring into the cause of my sorrows; they are dreadful and their source is terrible: I could not relate them, without dying of grief and shame."

The Countess, therefore, also promised to wait till time and friendship should obtain a confidence which she never would solicit. This assurance restored peace to the soul of Eulalia, and from that time,

her situation became less insupportable. We shall now leave her with the Countess and return to the unfortunate Meinau.

In quitting Cassel, his only wish was to remove from a place, where his misfortune was the subject of every conversation: he detested mankind; he fled from society, lost in a profound reverie, from which he could not be awakened either by the rapidity with which the carriage was flying upon the road, or by the noise and swearing of the postillions, or even by the innocent prattle of his children. If now-and-then he cast a look upon them, his heart was ready to burst, at the thought that these unfortunates had no longer a mother, that their feeble infancy would be deprived of those affectionate cares, which a mother knows alone how to bestow, cares truly maternal, and which never could be entirely supplied by the best, the tenderest of fathers.

The carriage had been rolling ever since eight o'clock in the morning, and it was now four in the evening, when Meinau was recalled to himself by the cries of his children. Astonished at their tears, he enquired the cause—

"Papa," answered his son, "we are hungry."

Ah! how painfully did this word revive the sentiment of his misfortunes! He enquired of the postillions how far they had still to travel, before they arrived at the next village: he was answered: "Three leagues." The grief of Meinau may easily be conceived; for, wholly taken up by the motives which occasioned his departure, he had not thought of taking any kind of provisions in the carriage.

He ordered the postillions to make all the haste they possibly could: a few mo-

ments after, he perceived a farm at a little distance from the road, and dispatched one of his men to go and fetch something to appease the hunger of his children. This soon returned with a woman, who brought some bread, milk and fruit. The children having alighted, seated themselves by the side of the road, upon a a green and cool grass, and began to eat with that enchanting cheerfulness, the usual companion of infant innocence.

"Happy age!" said Meinau, "in which the wants of nature are the only ones that are felt! May it always continue for my children! May they never know the wickedness of mankind, their insulting disdains, and their still more insulting pity!"

While the recollection of his misfortunes drew from Meinau these vehement exclamations against the human race, the

children continued their joyous meal. Meinau unconsciously listened to their innocent prattling; judge what were his sensations, when he heard the following conversation between the woman and his son.

" You were very hungry, then, my good little friend?"

—" Oh! yes; very much; my sister and I had not breakfasted! . . . ."

—" Not breakfasted! . . . ."

—" No, indeed."

—" That gentleman, then, is not your father?"

—" Oh! yes, he is our papa, and we love him with all our hearts, don't we, sister?"

The little girl, who could hardly articulate, tried to repeat the word *heart*, with a smile, and the woman continued:

—"But have you no mother?"

—"Oh! yes, we have, and a very good one, too."

—"She is not with you, then, is she?"

—"No, we are going to fetch her...."

Meinau could hear no more; a painful cry escaped from his breast, and he fell senseless on the back of his carriage.

On recovering, he found himself surrounded by the postillions and the woman who were endeavouring to recal him to life. His children uttered the most piercing and painful shrieks. When they saw him revive, they flew into his arms.

Meinau tenderly pressed them to his heart; he hastened to dismiss the woman, re-entered the carriage and continued his journey with rapidity: soon after, the children fell asleep, and Meinau, more than ever a prey to his sorrow, felt that kind and restorative sleep would for a long time be a stranger to his eyes.

It was almost dark, when Meinau's carriage entered a forest, at the extremity of which was situated the village, where he intended to pass the night. After a quarter of an hour's march, one of the wheels meets a large stone half buried in the ground; it gets over it, but on falling on the other side, the wheel creaks and breaks down. Fortunately neither Meinau nor the children received any hurt: they alighted, and after a moment's deliberation, it was resolved that one of the postillions should stay to take care of the carriage, while the other, with two of the

horses, should accompany Meinau to the village which was still half a league distant. Meinau fastened upon his horse the valise which contained his gold and diamonds, placed his son before the postillion, took his daughter in his arms, and they began their march. They had hardly gone five hundred yards, when their ears were assailed by dreadful shrieks which issued from the midst of the forest: they stopped. Meinau sprung from his horse, gave to the postillion the child he had before him, and in spite of every representation, took his pistols and rushed into the thicket.

Guided by the shrieks, Meinau advanced as rapidly as the brambles under his feet would let him. In a few minutes, he discovered by the help of the twilight a young girl tied to a tree, and part of whose clothes were torn from her body. A robust peasant, of a cruel and ferocious

countenance, was upon the point of doing her violence.

"Stop, infamous villain, or thou art dead," cried Meinau with a thundering voice. The peasant turned, took an enormous stick which he had by him, and sprung upon Meinau; this seeing that his life was in danger, fired his pistol; but, at the same time, the stick reached him and broke his left arm.

The peasant fell. Notwithstanding the pain of his wound, Meinau untied the young girl, who could scarcely support herself; she arranged her clothes as well as she could, and Meinau, with the help of his right arm, conducted her out of the forest. They joined the postillion, who took charge of the two children, the girl mounted the horse, and Meinau walked by the side of them.

As they went along, the young girl informed them that her name was Barbe, and that she was the daughter of a farmer of the village; that having gone about two leagues from that place, in order to invite a few relations to her wedding, which was to have been celebrated the next day, she had been detained till a late hour; that in returning home, she had met in the forest with Hantz, one of her discarded lovers, who wanted to take some liberties; that having repulsed him with all the contempt he deserved, he had rushed upon her, bound her to a tree, and that, had it not been for the timely rescue of Meinau, she would most probably have been dishonored for ever.

They arrived at the village: the young girl conducted Meinau to her father's house. They began to be very uneasy about Barbe's absence; how shall we describe the joy of these honest people, on

being informed of the obligations they owed to her deliverer? They would not have him go to the inn; the whole family busied themselves about him, they embraced him, they caressed the children. The good old Wiss, Barbe's father, the young Schwartz, her intended husband, did not know how best to manifest their gratitude, and for some moments, Meinau forgot the sorrows that overwhelmed his soul.

Meinau told his new hosts of the accident happened to his carriage, and likewise wished that some assistance should be given to the man he had wounded. A dozen young men set off, accompanied by the postillion, and carrying a wheel, to supply, at least as far as the village, the one that was broken. They found the unfortunate Hantz still senseless and bathed in his blood; his shoulder was dislocated; they put him into the carriage, and

arrived at the village about the middle of the night: the magistrate of the place, who had received the depositions of Meinau and Barbe, ordered Hantz to be conveyed to a place of safety, and got every assistance which his state required. The surgeon, who was skilful in his business, had already set the arm of Meinau; he bled Barbe, and the next day was expected with impatience, in order to examine the dressings of the two wounded.

In the morning, Meinau was found to have a violent fever; the young girl also suffered very much; they were, therefore, obliged to put off the wedding; besides, Barbe declared, that at all events, she would not consent to have the ceremony performed, before the recovery of her deliverer. As for Hantz, enraged at the disappointment he had met with in his infamous attempt, he tore the dressing which had been put upon his wound; they were forced to

bind him in his bed, but, in spite of every precaution, he died on the third day.

Meinau was confined to his bed for about three weeks, during which time he was constantly attended by his children, the young Barbe, who recovered from her fright in a very few days, her intended husband, and the whole family of the good farmer Wiss. At length he was enabled to get up, and the wedding was fixed for the fourth day. Meinau wanted to set off immediately, but they were so earnest in their entreaties to be present at the ceremony, that he was, at last, prevailed upon to give his consent, on condition, however, that the next day he should be suffered to proceed on his journey; at the same time he declared that nothing should alter his resolution.

On the day of marriage, he was awakened at five o'clock in the morning, by

the sound of instruments which were playing under the bride's window. From the day, on which Hantz had broken his arm, the various events which had happened, the distractions occasioned by his illness, and the continual presence of some of his hosts, had, in some measure, suspended the sentiment of his misfortunes; how cruelly did he find himself recalled to it, by the sound of those rustic instruments which hailed the dawn of day for the future couple!

" It was thus," sorrowfully exclaimed Meinau, " it was thus that I hailed the dawn of happiness . . . . ! Eulalia ! . . . too dear and fatal name ! . . . . Ah ! what horrid recollections does this day bring to my mind !"

The unfortunate Meinau made his solitary chamber resound with his groans; and at two yards from him, the notes of

pleasure animated the youth of the village and of the environs who were already partly assembled. Meinau, whom this cruel contrast affected too sensibly, came out with the intention of commanding silence, but he was far from expecting the delightful spectacle which was prepared for him. Scarcely had he made his appearance, when a thousand shouts of joy re-sounded through the whole house; his two children, crowned with flowers, were carried by the prettiest girls of the village; young Schwartz, holding Barbe by the hand, came to kneel down at his feet.

" It is to you I owe her," said he; but for you, I should have lost *her*, from whom I expect every happiness."

" My benefactor!" said Barbe in her turn; " you alone have saved my life; you alone have preserved my honor, which is still dearer to me; deign to bless our

union, and I shall have no other wish to form."

"Bless them!" exclaimed the old farmer; "bless them, for the blessings of virtue always draw those of heaven after them."

Meinau felt his heart softened by these testimonies of friendship; sweet tears flowed from his eyes, and, rapid as lightning, a glimmering of pleasure came to reanimate for an instant his soul overburthened by sorrow.

Yielding to the entreaties of Barbe's parents, he took the hand of the young bride and conducted her to church; Schwartz followed behind, giving his arm to the mother of his charming intended; they were surrounded by the two families amicably intermixed; after them came a long procession of villagers of both sexes,

making the air resound with their songs of mirth and festivity. Pleasure was in every eye, joy was in every heart except that of the unhappy Meinau. When come to the church, the rendings of that too sensible heart were still more cruel; that august pomp, those religious ceremonies, those sacred vows, every thing recalled to his mind the first days of his felicity—a felicity which had vanished for ever.

Absorbed in a profound reverie, Meinau saw nothing, heard nothing; his convulsed bosom gave vent to painful sighs, and the quick beating of his arteries, sufficiently indicated the strong emotions which he experienced: at length, the ceremony was performed, and the whole procession again began their march to return to the house.

The banquet was made in the garden of Barbe's father; under an immense bower

of linden and chesnut-trees, they had disposed the tables of the feast. It consisted of pies, poultry and fruits; strong beer and a few bottles of rhenish wine for the desert. This patriarchal meal was not of a long duration; the minstrels began to play upon their discordant instruments, in the adjoining meadow, and the nimble lively youth were already impatient to strike up the dance: they were, however detained for a few moments: a young villager announced that he had composed a song for the wedding, and they invited him with transport to sing it. We shall transcribe it here, such as it was composed, simple, without any art: its naïveté will supply the want of poetical talent, in which it does not perhaps very eminently abound.

SONG.

FLOW'RY wreaths of blooming die
Shall grace the marriage-knot;
Tears ne'er glaze the azure eye,
When Love's within the cot.
Innocent are our desires,
Pure is our tenderness;
Love illumes the gentle fires
Which Nature's hand doth bless.

New-born infants soon shall grace
The lowly cottage-roof;
Charmed, their features thou wilt trace—
They are Love's tender proof.
Th' heart repays our varied cares,
We feel a joy divine;
Heav'n our simple bliss prepares,
We bend at Nature's shrine.

Would you with your youthful wife
Enjoy a blissful state,
Be the tenor of your life
To Friendship consecrate.

Soon the God inflicts the wound
And quickly wings his flight;
Yet will Friendship's flame be found
In Nature purely bright.

What became of Meinau when he heard this rural song? *He* also had hoped that friendship would one day reside in the bosom of his family; that it would soothe the infirmities of his old age; that it would close his eyes, and at last, drop a few tears upon his tomb. His soul torn by this painful idea, he could no longer support the sight of a happiness which was lost for him; he quits the table, walks away with hasty steps, crosses the garden, and gets into the fields; he proceeds without any settled direction; the singing of birds strikes not his ears; the sweet fragrance of flowers affects not his smell; the magnificent prospect presented by the sun which is bending down its course, charms not his eyes; he sees nothing; he hears nothing; totally absorbed in his grief, he advances,

without remarking that the distance which separates him from the village which he has just left is already considerable.

He soon arrived at a small wood, which he entered; but he had scarcely proceeded fifty yards, when he was recalled to himself by a most shocking spectacle: he struck his head against something; the blow drew him from his deep meditation. Heavens! .... he perceived a man suspended to a tree by a rope fastened round his neck. Some convulsive struggles announced that he was not yet entirely deprived of life .... Meinau did not hesitate a moment; he climbed up into the tree, cut down the rope and saved a victim from death. He afterwards hastened to give him every assistance in his power; they were long unsuccessful; but at last, he perceived some signs of life; Meinau redoubled his attentions and in about half an hour, the man opened his eyes.

" What cruel hand has snatched me from death?" said he in a smothered voice .... " Whoever you are.... leave me ... do not restore me to a life, every instant of which has been marked by misfortune."

—" My good friend, compose yourself; despair has disordered your mind."

—" Despair, death, are the only blessings of which they cannot rob me."

—" If your soul is not shut against consolations ...."

—" Consolations! .... perfidies! ... atrocities! ..."

—" Listen to the voice of reason."

—" Get away, thou serpent ..... thou art a man .... thou art a monster...."

After these words uttered with vehemence, he turned his head and closed his eyes.

Meinau, who knew from experience, how terrible the power of misfortune is upon the human mind, made no reply to the invectives of the man he was assisting, but continued to bestow upon him his attentive cares. He made him smell a bottle of volatile alcali, which he had always with him; the stranger fetched a deep sigh and again opened his eyes: he fixed them upon Meinau, and assuming a softer tone:

"Cease" said he, "cease those cares, which only tend to prolong an existence as deplorable as it is burthensome."

—"If the absolute want of fortune is the only cause of your sorrows, they might be relieved."

—" The sorrows of the heart can never be relieved."

—" Ah! you are very right."

—" Are *you* also rendered unhappy by every thing that you held most dear?"

—" Yes, and unhappy for ever .... But let us return to yourself .... perhaps you experience some pressing wants ...."

—" Wants! ... I know not .... I feel none ...."

—" You are, perhaps, without .... money."

—" Yes .... I believe I am .... I was possessed of gold .... diamonds .... every thing is lost .... every thing is scattered in the fields."

—" And how long have you been without nourishment?"

—" I cannot tell . . . . three or four days . . . ."

—" Unfortunate man!" . . . ."

Meinau was going to run and fetch some kind of food; but, after making a few steps, he stopped, apprehending that this wretched man might perhaps take advantage of his absence to attempt his life a second time. This reflection suggested to him the idea of engaging the stranger to follow him; the latter, probably weakened by want, made much less resistance than Meinau had expected. He helped him to rise, supported him in his march, and both went out of the wood. They soon came to a cottage, which they saw at a little distance; the stranger took some nourishment; the peasant who inhabited it con-

sented to give him his bed for that night, Meinau got him into it, and he soon fell into a profound sleep.

Meinau, while the peasant was gone out for some minutes, slipped a few pieces of gold in the stranger's pocket, and when the master of the cottage came back, he gave him another, to indemnify him for the trouble his new guest might occasion, and then made his way back to the farm of father Wiss.

They were very uneasy about him, but his presence restored tranquillity and mirth. Soon after, all the guests went back to their respective homes: Meinau likewise withdrew to his chamber and desired Wiss to follow him, as he had some business of importance to communicate. When they were there, Meinau told him that he had a very long journey to make, that he could not take his children with him, and that

being determined to leave them in the village, he wished to know some person who could take care of them and give them an education proportioned to their age. Wiss replied, That there lived in the village a woman of about sixty, whose name was Spons; that she was a widow; that she subsisted upon a small income which merely afforded her the necessaries of life; that she was good, obliging, humane, and devoted all her leisure hours to the relief of all sick persons in the neighbourhood, on whom, instead of pecuniary assistance, which it was not in her power to afford, she bestowed her most tender attentions. Meinau, charmed with this portrait, desired Wiss to send for her immediately, and the good villager went to fetch her himself. In ten minutes Mrs. Spons arrived, accompanied by Wiss: Meinau looked at her, at first, with an eye of mistrust; but her venerable figure, her sensible conversation and the appearance

of goodness remarkable in all her person drove suspicion from his heart, and it was settled that she should take his children.

Meinau doubled the price of board which Mrs. Spons had asked, obliged her to receive a twelvemonth in advance, gave her another sum to buy the clothes and linen which they might want, and concluded by assuring her that the children's board should be paid with the most scrupulous exactitude. The children, after receiving from their father a kiss in which his whole soul had been breathed, were carried sleeping to Mrs. Spons', and every one retired to rest.

Ah! how much it cost Meinau to part with his children: it seemed as if Eulalia had been leaving him a second time; at last, however, he succeeded in calming his grief; the interest of those innocent crea-

tures, his own tranquillity, every thing required this separation.

When he perceived that every body was asleep in the house, he prepared to put into execution the design which he had formed. Wishing to avoid taking leave of Barbe and her family, and above all, questions which would give him still greater pain, he determined to set off before daylight. Taking, therefore, under his arm a packet containing a few clothes, his gold and diamonds, he let himself down through the window into the garden, after leaving upon the table the money necessary to pay the expences he might have incurred in the house, with a farewel letter to Wiss, wherein he gave him some hopes that he might see him again on some future day: he then crossed the garden, got over the walls and soon found himself on the highway.

He walked rapidly till daylight, and at sunrise found himself near a small village. As he passed along the wall of a church-yard, he was drawn from his reverie by hearing groans and sobs which proceeded from the place: as the wall was not very high, he was able to look over it: he perceived a young peasant kneeling down upon a grave, which seemed to have been newly covered. Meinau went up to him, raised him up and endeavoured to give him some consolation. The young man raised his eyes and appeared surprised to see a stranger.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Meinau.

—"Alas!....."

—"Your affliction seems very great."

—"Oh! yes, very great."

—" But cannot it be relieved?"

—" Impossible..... Look at that grave; it contains the best of fathers."

—" Ah! very true, your loss is irreparable."

—" Yes, Sir .... irreparable ..... but it is chiefly the cause of his death that fills my poor heart with sorrow."

—" A fatal death has deprived you of him?"

—" A terrible fire has consumed our house, our barns, and every thing we possessed: we have been reduced to the most absolute poverty. My father, advanced in years, was not able to bear that fatal stroke; he was seized with a violent fever.... and expired.... two days

ago.... last night.... his remains were deposited in this grave!...."

—" Poor young man!"

—" I am determined to quit a country, which I detest since the death of my father.... I am come this morning to take a last farewel of him.... and I am going."

—" Poor unfortunate! how I pity you."

—" Oh! Sir, I am indeed very much to be pitied; I have lost every thing that attached me to life, and I am not yet one-and-twenty."

—" What is your name?"

—" Frank."

—" Well! Frank, I feel interested for you; will you come with me, and I will take care of your fortune?"

—" I accept your offer, Sir; and indeed I am without any resource."

—" Be as good a servant as you have been a good son."

—" I shall endeavour to do my duty."

Frank then took under his arm the packet of Meinau, and both set upon their journey, each reflecting upon his misfortunes. At the first town they came to, Meinau purchased two horses and they went on.

After two days' march, they arrived at a small town; after supper, Meinau having retired to his room, was going to lay himself down, when from the cham-

ber adjoining to his, issued piercing shrieks which seemed occasioned by pain. He took up his candle and ran to the assistance of the sufferer. What was his horror, when upon a bed covered with blood, he saw a man stabbed in three places, with a knife which was still in his bosom!

Meinau hastened to draw the knife out of the body of that wretched man, when, at that moment, the landlord, with two of his servants, entered the chamber: what was their surprise to see a murdered man and Meinau near him, holding a candle in one hand and a bloody knife in the other! This was sufficient to convince them that Meinau was the assassin; they rushed upon him, without listening to what he had to say in his defence, and dragged him before one of the inferior magistrates of the town, who, upon the mere deposition of the landlord and without any further interrogatory, sent him to

prison, where he was confined in a dungeon.

It is easy to conceive what was the cruel situation of Meinau, on seeing himself arrested like an assassin, and plunged into the abode of crime: this event tore afresh his heart already ulcerated against mankind. He detested life, and loudly called for death: at break of day, the door of his dungeon opens, and he sees with surprise Frank, his face bathed in tears, who comes to precipitate himself into his arms: Meinau receives him, presses him to his heart—distinctions always vanish before misfortune.

"What! Frank! have they also arrested you?"

—"No, my dear master, 'tis I, am come to prison of my own accord, that I might not be separated from you."

—" You know the crime with which I stand accused?"

" Yes Sir. I had been to give a look at the horses, and was coming out of the stable, in order to go to bed, when I heard the cries of the landlord and a number of servants; I saw them dragging you along, and was going to enquire for the cause of this violence, when I heard one of them say that they must also secure the servant and take him before the magistrate: I ran hastily into your room, snatched your packet and rushed out of the inn. When I was in the fields, I opened the packet, and took some gold, which I have now brought you; afterwards, I buried the rest in a place which nobody can find except me. I then went to the magistrate and told him, that, being perfectly sure of your innocence, I begged he would let me come to prison with you, which request he was so good as to grant

me: the jailor wanted to put me into a separate dungeon, but, for a few pieces of silver, I have prevailed upon him to put me into this, and here I am."

Frank had scarcely concluded his narrative, when the magistrate entered the dungeon and informed Meinau That the wounded person having recovered his senses, and hearing that a man had been arrested on suspicion of being his murderer, had declared, that, wishing to get rid of life, it was *he* had stabbed himself: after this declaration, the magistrate told the prisoners that they were free, and they hastened to quit that fatal abode.

Meinau was also informed that the wounded person seemed to have but a few moments to live, and that he earnestly requested to see the man who had been innocently confined on his account: Meinau complied with his desire. When he

entered the inn, he met the landlord, who made him a thousand apologies for his precipitation; Meinau did not listen to him and immediately went up into the wounded man's chamber; what was his astonishment, on approaching the bed, to see the same person whom he had found hanging at a tree a few days before, in the little wood not far distant from father Wiss' farm! The man, on his part, instantly recollected Meinau.

"Ah! Sir," said he, with a feeble dying voice, "is it you they had accused? you, who had already saved my life, who had assisted me with your kind attentions, and money? Heaven has had compassion upon me, since it has suffered me to live long enough to do justice to your innocence.... I was resolved to die, I am at length satisfied.. The tomb is opening beneath my feet, I am going to descend into it; there I shall meet with repose and

peace. It is there alone that they exist for man, the miserable sport of vice, fraud and perfidies of all kinds..... As a token of my gratitude and confidence, take this manuscript: it contains the events of my deplorable life, a life, every instant of which has been marked by a new misfortune. May it be in your hands a faithful guide, to teach you to guard against the snares of man.... Farewel!.... Let my dying eyes .... as they are closing for ever.... fix, at least .... upon the only .... honest man ... I ever met.... in the world....." Saying these words, the stranger expired.

Who can paint the feelings of Meinau, the confusion of his ideas, in beholding this spectacle of death? He wishes to fly, and an unknown force detains him by the side of the bed, with his eyes rivetted upon the inanimate corpse. He holds in his hand the fatal manuscript he has re-

ceived; doubtless, it contains the history of the misfortunes, which have determined that unhappy man to deprive himself of life: he shall read them .... Yes, he shall read them, even if they should confirm his just hatred, his profound contempt for the whole human race.

Frank drew him from his meditation by taking him out of the room. Having paid their reckoning, they mounted their horses and rode off, Meinau cursing man and his destructive vices, and Frank pitying his master, for possessing a sensibility that caused his misfortune.

We shall not follow Meinau during a whole year that he continued his wandering courses. Neither shall we mention a number of adventures, almost all of which contributed to show mankind under an odious point of view; towards the end of the year, he drew near the village where

he had put his children. At about two leagues from the place, Meinau stopped at an inn, and shut himself up in order to write some letters. After supper, he went out, as if to indulge a little walk round the inn, and took the road to the village where resided the good farmer Wiss and Mrs. Spons. He arrived there about midnight; every body reposed in the farm; he approached the wall, got over it and placed upon the window of the good man's room a packet containing the amount of one year's board for his children, and also two letters, one for father Wiss, renewing the assurance of his friendship and attachment, and the other directed to Mrs. Spons, wherein he begged she would be as a second mother to his children. Having fulfilled this sacred obligation, he set off again on his way back to the inn, and as he passed, imprinted a kiss on the door of the house which contained the two innocent crea-

tures to whom he had given life. He had still a league to walk to the place where he had alighted, when he perceived at a distance several torches coming towards him; the noise he heard gave him soon to understand that the persons who carried them were on horseback.

Not knowing what might be the intention of men, who were travelling so late in that extraordinary manner, he took out his pistols, and put himself upon his guard. The troop advanced; but his surprise is not to be conceived, when he saw at the head of it Frank, who was in search of his master. This faithful servant had remarked his disappearance, but had not at first been uneasy about it, as Meinau would frequently walk for half an hour, or even longer, before he went to bed; but, when he saw that three whole hours had elapsed, and that his master was not yet come back, he could no longer command his

impatience; he got the people of the house to take some torches, sent some on different roads, and had himself advanced, at the head of others, upon that through which Meinau was now returning.

As soon as Frank perceived his master, he sprung from his horse and flew to meet him—

" Ah! Sir," cried he, " how uneasy you have made us all!"

—" I thank you, Frank, for this mark of your attachment."

—" My dear master!"

—" Frank, whenever sacred duties bring me into this part of the country, be not uneasy about my absence, and above all, never permit yourself to have the least movement of curiosity upon this

object. My friendship has hitherto been the reward of your attachment; it shall henceforth be the reward of your discretion. Let us proceed."

They arrived at the inn, and left it the next day, after having made some presents to the persons who had gone in search of him the preceeding night.

For near two years, Meinau, always accompanied by his faithful servant, continued the same kind of life. He thus visited the whole of Germany and the greatest part of the northern countries, and at the end of every year, came regularly to bring the money to pay for his children's board. He began to grow tired of his continual travels, when one day, at about three leagues from the good Wiss' farm, he stopped in a solitary place, where was situated a very pleasant castle, which, as he was informed, belonged to Count Walberg, a general Officer, who never re-

sided in it. This last circumstance inspired him with a wish to fix himself there, at least, for some time. For a few pieces of gold he easily prevailed upon the good Bitterman, the steward of the castle, to let him have the use of a little pavilion, situated at the extremity of the park, where he accomodated himself with Frank.

In order to give an idea of Meinau's new residence, it will be necessary to say a few words about the other persons that inhabited it. First, Bitterman, the steward, a very lively old man, but miserly, curious, always busy, but withal an honest man, and sincerely attached to his master. Mrs. Miller, charged with the general superintendency of the castle, a woman of two-and-twenty, of a decent behaviour, the use of the great world, but sad, melancholy and a prey to secret grief, which consumed her, though without letting any body even so much as suspect the motive.

Peters, a great boy of about fourteen or fifteen, but stupid, foolish and silly in the extreme, running after flies and butterflies like a child of six years old: such were, with a few servants who had the care of the gardens and park, the only inhabitants of the castle.

Near the pavilion inhabited by Meinau, was a cottage occupied by Tobias and his son Frictz. The latter set off the day after the arrival of Meinau: this young man, was on the point of being married, but seeing the extreme poverty of his father, whom he was hardly able to support, he took the resolution to go and enlist in a regiment which was garrisoned at a little distant town, brought, weeping, to his father the price of eight years' servitude, and the next day, set off again to join his regiment.

Alas! poor Frictz' sacrifice did not answer his expectations: Tobias, distracted at his son's departure, fell dangerously ill, and the money which ought to have made his declining days comfortable, was absorbed by the expences attending his illness: languishing and without any resource, he was reduced to the lowest state of indigence, and seemed to hasten to his last moments, when the charitable Mrs. Miller, hearing of his distress, sent him by the little Peters a part of her savings, forbidding him at the same time to confess from whom it came: so that Peters, when questioned by old Tobias, very cleverly protested to him that he should never know the money came from Mrs. Miller.

Meantime, Meinau, instead of finding in this retreat the repose of mind which he expected, felt, on the contrary, the sentiment of his grief encrease. Every

day he became more sullen and a greater misanthrope: his love of benevolence was not extinguished; but he seemed to mistrust even those to whom he lent a helping hand. In short, Frank, the good Frank, from whom he had received so many marks of attachment, of whose friendship it was impossible he could entertain a doubt, who had so often succeeded in dispelling the heavy clouds that hung upon his mind, Frank had lost all his influence. If his heart, sensible in spite of himself, still determined him to assist the unfortunate, he always seized the moment when Frank was not with him, or he would send him away upon some trifling errand, then give his purse to the poor man, and immediately fly from his presence. He wished he had been able to annihilate the remembrance of the benefit, that he might be freed from the burthen of gratitude, which, according to his ideas, was to turn into the opposite vice.

With a book in his hand, he would penetrate into the woods and spend the day in meditating on his misfortunes; or, climbing upon the high mountains which surrounded the castle, he would seek in the contemplation of the beauties of nature to forget for a moment his sorrows. Thus, Meinau, every day more sullen and more melancholy, felt in his heart a greater increase of hatred for mankind; fatal sentiment, which renders the most shining qualities, the most sublime virtues, almost totally useless.

Four months had now elapsed, and Meinau, always more savage, had carefully avoided forming any kind of connexion. One day, as he was walking in some of the fields adjoining to the castle, he saw an elegant carriage rapidly drawn by six beautiful dapple-grey horses, entering the park-gate: he imagined that the castle was going to be inhabited, and

hastened to go and shut himself up in his apartment, determined not to quit it till after the departure of the new visitors. This was Major Hortz, brother to the Countess de Walberg; he was to be followed the next day by the Count and Countess, and had come to the castle, impelled by his love for Mrs. Miller. Eighteen months before, he had spent three weeks at this mansion; he had seen Mrs. Miller, had been struck with her beauty, her wit, and angelic sweetness, and opened his heart to the softest sentiments; but superior orders had obliged him to go back to France, where the body of troops of which he was one of the chief officers was then stationed. This time, he had come on the wings of hope, fully determined not to leave the castle without knowing whether Mrs. Miller would consent to reward his passion.

The next day, the Count and Countess arrived. Mrs. Miller went to meet the Countess, who expressed the greatest satisfaction at seeing her again. She presented her a child five years old.

" My dear Mrs. Miller," said she, " deign to be as a mother to him; he has lost his, my poor sister, for whom you knew my tender attachment. You will be pleased with my Eugene . . . ."

—" Eugene!" at the mention of this name, Mrs. Miller made a movement of surprise and terror; but quickly recovering, nobody perceived her emotion.

During all this time, the Count was conversing with Bitterman, who was complaisantly descanting upon the embellishments of the house and park: above all, he praised a delightful Chinese bridge, which for beauty and solidity exceeded

every thing of the kind. The Count, curious to know this eighth wonder of the world, went out with Bitterman to see this Chinese bridge.

The Major seized the opportunity of the Count's absence to acquaint his sister with his passion for Mrs. Miller, requesting that she would sound her sentiments. The good Countess promised her endeavours and assistance, after making, however, some few observations, which were not heard by the lovesick Major. He had long been informed that Mrs. Miller was not known to any body; but he was in hopes that this declaration would force her to tear the veil which concealed the time anterior to her residence in the castle.

Meantime, Count Walberg was admiring Bitterman's Chinese bridge, which in fact discovered some kind of taste, but this nobleman, wishing to lean upon the

balustrade, it broke under him and he fell into the river, which was pretty large and very rapid. The Count was in danger of losing his life; for Bitterman and his son, who could not swim, contented themselves with crying out as loud as they could, in order to have some assistance. Meinau hears the screams from his pavilion; he flies to the place whence they proceed, sees the danger of the Count, pulls off his coat, plunges into the stream, and with some difficulty brings the Count ashore. The nobleman was preparing to express his gratitude, when, at that moment, Meinau takes up his coat, disappears like lightning, and the Count, surprised at this strange conduct, hastens to go home to change his clothes, supported thither by Bitterman, whom he is complimenting all the way upon the solidity of his Chinese bridge.

The Countess had, in the meanwhile, kept her promise to her brother; she was

some time shut up with Mrs. Miller; but whatever may be the nature of the confidence which the latter made, certain it is that when the Countess came out of her apartment she was sad and melancholy; Mrs. Miller's eyes were red with crying; her bosom was convulsed with sighs, and her countenance exhibited the traces of the anguish which tortured her soul. At this moment, they perceived the Count returning to the castle, supported by Bitterman. This event made a diversion to every other idea: the Count was adored by his family, and the first, the most pressing duty of every one was to go and express to the generous stranger the testimonies of the general gratitude.

But, for the space of two days, they made fruitless attempts to see him; scarcely could they get a few words from his servant. On the third day, however, the

Major presented himself at the pavilion very early in the morning: by dint of entreaties, he prevailed upon Frank to go and tell his master that the visitor requested but a few moments conversation. Meinau seemed determined to affront that troublesome intruder who was coming to disturb his solitude; but he had scarcely fixed his eyes upon him, when he flew into his arms and pressed him to his heart. Meinau!.... Hortz!.... were the only words that escaped their lips.

One may easily judge of the pleasure experienced by these two real friends, who had been brother-officers, and had been separated ten whole years. In these first transports, Meinau forgot all his misfortunes, but recollection awaited him on coming out of the arms of his friend. Hortz was astonished to see Meinau so much altered; the latter heaved a painful sigh: Hortz would penetrate into this

mystery, and after many solicitations, Meinau consented to lay his heart open to his friend; he informed him of his disgrace, his marriage, his wife's elopement, and all the misfortunes which he had since experienced. At this recital, Hortz could not help shedding bitter tears, and the part which Meinau saw his friend take in his sorrows, brought to his soul a faint glimmering of consolation.

Hortz obtained from Meinau that the company should come and take a walk as if by accident, and that he should present himself before them, also with the apparent intention of meeting them. This was all the Major could get, and even under the express condition, that he would permit him to set off the next day, to which Hortz was forced to consent. As soon as the Major was gone, Meinau dispatched Frank to the village where he had placed his two children, with orders to bring

them instantly, and Frank set off to execute the commands of his master.

In the afternoon, the Count, the Major, the Countess and Mrs. Miller, advanced towards the retreat of Meinau, conversing about the best means they could employ in order to oblige the stranger to fix, at least for some time, in the castle. Hortz thought the thing impossible; the Count very galantly said that he believed it extremely easy, if Mrs. Miller would condescend to raise her black eyes upon him. This conversation brought them in sight of the pavilion, whence Meinau, who already knew of this visit, was coming with an air of modesty and simplicity. Mrs. Miller looks at him, utters a piercing shriek, and falls lifeless into the arms of the Countess. Meinau astonished, looks, makes a movement of terror; a cry of horror and despair escapes his bosom.... he flies.... Alas! Mrs. Miller was the guilty Eulalia!!!

When she came to herself, Hortz, who had guessed her secret, offered to serve her in regard to her husband; but Eulalia, for so we shall now call her, Eulalia thanked him for his good offices: she felt that a reunion was henceforth impossible; the only favor which she requested Hortz to obtain from her husband, was an interview in which she should take her last farewel of him. The Major took upon him to request it. As he approached the pavilion, he perceived through the trees Frank with two young children; he ran to him, and being informed that they were Meinau's, he did not despair to make them the means of a reconciliation. In a few words, he explained to Frank the events which had happened in his absence, and made him consent to remain concealed, with the two children, in another little pavilion near the place of interview. Afterwards, he went to fetch Meinau, and prevailed upon him to see once more his repentant wife.

Ah! how shall we describe this affecting conversation?. Eulalia expected to find an inflexible husband; she sees a tender friend, who supports and consoles her. He wishes to give her his diamond-box and an annuity, that she may not be exposed to indigence: she refuses every thing; she requests but one favor, that of once more embracing her children. Meinau promises that she shall; he even permits her to keep them till the next day, till the moment of his departure..... They both feel the necessity of parting for ever.... With trembling hands, they bid one another a last farewel.... that dreadful farewel which strikes death into their hearts...! Already do their hands loose their hold for an eternal separation.... Tis all over, when on turning to go away, they see before them, each one of their children, presented by the Major and the Countess. At this sight, Meinau is no longer master of his

transports.... He presses his son to his heart.... He throws himself into the arms of his wife..... All is forgiven ....., All is forgot.....

Meinau and his wife fixed their residence near the family of Walberg, and their old age was as happy as their early years had been unfortunate.

THE END.

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